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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is a certain high serenity about Lord Milner's speeches which we wish were more often a feature of the speeches of our leading Parliamentary statesmen of to-day. To tell the truth we read a good many speeches on various subjects of moment that are quite as original and, to put it mildly, quite as clever as Lord Milner's; but we very rarely read or hear a speech that gives so strong an impression of reasoned-out, of perfect confidence in the justice of the cause the speaker represents and has at heart. His speech at the Guildhall, when the Freedom of the City was conferred upon him, was an instance in point. We cannot see that it contained any particular gem of thought or language: it would surely "clip whole years through horror" from Lord Rosebery's life to have to utter so many ordinary words and unpolished sentences on such an occasion, or indeed on any occasion at all: and yet Lord Rosebery would be the first to see and admit that the words were words to hang upon. It is character after all that tells most in statesmanship. One brilliant saying there certainly was in Lord Milner's wise speech, namely Sir Wilfrid Laurier's epigram concerning the Boers, that if they have lost their independence they will keep their freedom. In one thing Lord Milner was not quite accurate; England *has* deserted men in tight places before now: witness Gordon and Bartle Frere. Another honour conferred this week will also meet with universal approval. No man could deserve reward better than Lord Cromer deserves his earldom.

The wife of ex-President Kruger died in Pretoria on 20 July after a short illness at the age of 67. She was buried the following day, and her husband has the sympathy of all right-minded men and women. "Simplex munditiis" well describes Mrs. Kruger, though it seems that she was descended more or less remotely from that essentially magnificent personage, Cardinal Richelieu. Mrs. Kruger was quite an embodiment of the homely virtues of Boer life, excelling as a wife and a mother. She played no part in public affairs, and if she possessed any considerable influence in these matters with her husband—which is very doubtful—it was flung into the light side of the scale on behalf of

moderation and peace. Mrs. Kruger was suddenly made world-famous through the discovery of her name in a telegram which the Colonial Secretary in the ordinary course of his negotiations sent to the President; and the intentionally ludicrous rendering of his inquiry as to her health into "How is Mrs. Kruger?" was held to be quite screamingly funny. As a matter of fact it was humane and probably guileless enough: no sensible person would think of including that among the statesman's *bêtises*.

The effect of the continuous stream of captures reported by Lord Kitchener every week is hardly yet apparent to students of the war at home. Lord Kitchener's last list accounted for nearly 400 killed, wounded, surrendered or taken prisoners. Yet the activity of the commandos does not seem to diminish. On the contrary, there have been several incidents of late which come within the category of "regrettable", and there are signs of a new movement south. The Boers are credited with the intention of attempting a fresh invasion of Cape Colony. Scheepers has destroyed a train only eight miles north of Beaufort West, and Kruitinger very nearly succeeded in inflicting a nasty little reverse on Colonel Crabbe in the mountains near Craddock. This energy on the part of the commandos is probably of no great importance, and as a matter of fact Lord Kitchener says that General French is gradually forcing the invaders north. Every other day brings news of the surprise of Boer laagers and considerable captures—the latest is that by Garratt's column near Reitzburg—and it is almost inconceivable that the unequal struggle can be much longer maintained.

Mr. Brodrick's speech on Thursday in Committee on the Army Estimates removes any doubts as to the intention of the Government to pursue vigorously the scheme of decentralisation recommended by the War Office Report. It is especially satisfactory to know that Mr. Brodrick, so far from having any desire "to murder his own child" and taking advantage for this purpose of the pretence the war might have afforded him, is effecting the process of carrying out the decentralisation arrangements as far as possible without waiting for the end of the war. We are not sure that the decision to abandon the proposals of the committee for constituting a War Office Board in favour of the alternative suggestions in the Report for the improvement of the present War Office Council is wise. But that is comparatively unimportant in view of the proposals for thorough decentralisation; and Mr. Brodrick evidently intends

that the state of things shall be ended where gallant officers are too terrified to take the initiative even in the most trivial matters lest they should incur the reproof of the War Office.

In spite of the ferocity of Mr. Gibson Bowles and the solemnity of Mr. Asquith, it was rather Mr. Balfour who scored in the debate on the business of the House. That so little has been done and that so long a time has been taken in doing it is of course very unsatisfactory, but the Opposition very maladroitly selected for their attack Mr. Balfour's proposals for the rest of the session instead of the failures of the portion of it which has gone by. Mr. Bowles was certainly very happy in his quotation from "Alexander Selkirk", but it was not Mr. Balfour or the Ministerialists who were hit by it. It is idle for Mr. Bowles or anybody else in the House to imagine that private members will get any sympathy outside the House for loss of their rights at the hands of the Government. No one cares in the smallest degree for the private member except the private member himself. Mr. Asquith equally was wasting energy in ponderously belabouring Mr. Balfour for cutting short Parliamentary speeches and deliberation by a generous application of the closure. If Mr. Balfour's closure record stood by itself, he would stand firmly enough in the country's regard. Mr. Asquith and other parliamentarians should try to realise that everyone who is not a member regards every curtailing of a speech in the House as so much gain and every inchoate speech choked as so much greater gain. The Government that does not hesitate to use the closure will always be the more popular therefore. The House may be all the world to itself but to the world it is but a very small part of it.

The passage of the Royal Declaration Bill on its second reading in the House of Lords with only six dissentients did not mean all it might appear to do. The debate showed, as Lord Rosebery pointed out, that very few of those who voted for the second reading were by any means satisfied with the Bill. The vote of the Peers really meant little more than that the form of the declaration must at all costs be altered and that a Bill was the proper means of doing it. The Government formula is illogical, indefinite, and insufficient, at the same time that it is redundant. Were it not for political considerations, the matter would be settled easily enough. Obviously the right way is to make the declaration an affirmation instead of a protest. Let the King affirm his membership in and full allegiance to the Anglican Church and it would follow necessarily that he cannot acknowledge the papal supremacy in any form. That is all that is required, since, as the Archbishop of Canterbury insisted, the whole matter is purely political and not theological. Unfortunately, there is a section of voters whose wish is not to affirm the English position but to reprobate the Roman. Offence to Roman Catholics is the very thing they do not want to avoid. The Bishop of Winchester's suggestion that there was no call to avoid offending Roman Catholic susceptibility because Roman Catholics had no regard for ours was childish vindictive. By the way, why cannot our public men learn not to split infinitives? The Bishop split one of his on this occasion by no less than three words ("to adequately and properly discuss"), and Lord Rosebery split one as well.

It is the function of Taper and Tadpole to draw large inferences from small events. When Lord Tweedmouth administered a tart rebuke to Lord Rosebery the other afternoon in the House of Lords, the political flycatchers were all agog in Pall Mall, thinking that here was another "development". Surely, they argued, the ex-Whip would never have dared to snub the ex-Premier, if all sections of the Liberal party had not agreed to have done with Lord Rosebery. It is true that Lord Tweedmouth told Lord Rosebery that "he was as usual very free with his advice, but that he took good care not to give any opinion of his own", or words to that effect. But the explanation of this outburst was, we believe, physical rather than political. Lord Tweedmouth rose to speak from the front Oppo-

sition bench, when Lord Rosebery suddenly advanced from the cross benches and thrust himself between the table and his noble friend, whom he motioned contemptuously to sit down. We fancy this movement coloured Lord Tweedmouth's estimate of his former chief's sagacity.

Lord Welby's little lecture on economy delivered on the second reading of the Finance Bill in the House of Lords was, we are afraid, very much in the case of a lecture on abstract morality. One might agree with every word of it and yet one would not know exactly at what the speaker was driving. Apparently the era of extravagance coincides with the period when indirect taxation fell into disfavour. From the accession to the throne of Queen Victoria until that time there was a general feeling in favour of economy: and it happens that this was a time when the taxation was felt to be onerous and unequal and imposed disproportionately on the working classes. There might be two inferences from this. First that the sense of this inequality probably made governments more economical, partly to avoid unnecessary injustice to the overburdened classes and partly for political reasons so as not to arouse extreme discontent. The second inference seems to be that we have certainly gone too far in reducing indirect taxation and extravagance does not come home to these very classes as it did in the old days.

If these are not the inferences, we do not know that any others can be drawn from Lord Welby's speech nor from that of the Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Salisbury seems to consider that fits of economy or extravagance will naturally spring up without any law in an electorate composed of the bulk of the population, and in the presence of these feelings Government is practically helpless. We are quite accustomed to this view of the situation from Lord Salisbury but he never pictured so vividly the position of statesmen as Canutes on the seashore as in his exclamation "Who are we that we should attempt to stem the tide!" Has it really come to this that there is no art of statesmanship: no taking occasion by the hand and moulding a State's decrees by any public man? Lord Salisbury certainly does not magnify his office and we wonder indeed what excuse there can be for premiers and all the political hierarchy, if things are as bad as he paints them. Lord Salisbury as an anarchist is a curious figure but his utterances are simply anarchism and nothing less.

The Premier favoured the proposals of Lord Stanmore for the resuscitation of the Fine Arts Commission of 1842 with the sort of courtesy he usually extends to anything associated with art that ventures into the House of Lords. Ironical indifference and a profession of powerlessness, that is ever the Premier's answer. In this case it was doubtless the best answer, for it is difficult to see how such a Commission as was proposed could be so manned as either to command respect or really to advance fine art in England. It would more probably result in an increase of classes and of certificates for mediocrity with no increase whatever in really good work. It would be more to the point if the Government were to increase the grant to the Portrait Gallery. £1,200 a year certainly does seem a ludicrously small sum for the country to devote to the portraits of its own worthies. If they are few, and painters capable of painting them equally few, still the price of one good picture a year would hardly get very far ahead of the demand. Besides there are numberless fine portraits of past worthies whom we ought to have.

Although Lord Rosebery is undoubtedly out of the running for the Liberal primacy, he is evidently not aware of it himself for he runs as though he were not a pacemaker but a genuine competitor. Both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith are certainly making good running just now. From the day of Mr. Asquith's stand at Norwich and the announcement of the dinner in his honour, which aroused Lord Rosebery to the necessity of waking and re-asserting himself, we have been having a speech or a letter from



one or the other of them nearly every day, and frequently from both on the same day. It is very hard running indeed, when Lord Rosebery comes out with a speech at the City Carlton Club at three o'clock and Mr. Asquith at the Hôtel Cecil at eight—both on the past and future of the Liberal party, and each studiously ignoring the other. Lord Rosebery has the advantage of greater attraction for the general public—especially the indifferent partisan, who stays at home—Mr. Asquith of courage and staying power. At White-chapel in giving an address on an "artistic occasion", the opening of an exhibition of Chinese art, he was challenging Lord Rosebery on his own ground—a tactical mistake, we think. Lord Rosebery will easily find some picture gallery to open, when he will show to greater advantage than Mr. Asquith. Great political occasions or industrial gatherings are Mr. Asquith's sphere, when he can pile period on period without fear of their toppling over. Lord Rosebery can run showily, but before he gets home he is likely suddenly to give up, being what the sporting papers gracefully term "baked".

The Parsi community in London honoured themselves on Tuesday night in honouring Sir M. M. Bhownaggee. It was, however, wise in recognising his work in Parliament not to make the presentation an expression of native opinion only. The member for North-East Bethnal Green is member for India in a sense which neither a Bradlaugh nor a Naoroji can claim to have been. He is not a faddist, and consequently does not take a narrow view of Indian questions. He has never been an agitator, and, whilst advocating the adoption of measures which should add to the sum of happiness and prosperity in the Indian Empire, he has steadily inculcated the anti-Congress doctrine that India is and must be Conservative. It has on more than one occasion been his duty to show that the Wedderburns and the Schwanns are more Indian than the Indians themselves. In doing that he has rendered real Imperial service. But not the least of his achievements has been his success in proving to an East End constituency that care for its interests is not incompatible with a vigilant regard for the larger interests of our Eastern Empire.

The peace of the Indian frontier continues to be broken only by the interminable blockade of the Waziri country. It continues to drag on like the Boer war while the public are cheered by periodical assurances that the end is now in sight. The tribesmen at least seem to be taking to heart the lessons of South Africa by laying ambushes and cutting off outlying pickets and helping themselves to the rifles and ammunition of the stragglers they catch. Like the Boers, too, the Waziris are reported always to be on the point of surrender when some impracticable Asiatic De Wet or Mohammedan Steyn turns up to deter them. Meanwhile the blockading forces are encouraged by stories of great privations suffered by the enemy and provisions at extra famine price. Would it not be possible to make over the job to some of the Boer prisoners whom we are now supporting in idleness?

The departmental elections in France have had no great surprises for the observer and it is not very probable that the second ballots on Sunday next will result in any changes of great magnitude. If any deduction can be drawn from them at all, it is that the French people are steadily making up their minds that the Republic is the only feasible method of government at the present time. The anti-Republicans, by whatever name they may choose to call themselves, whether Nationalist Royalist or Bonapartist, are clearly parties without chiefs, and this when the chief is everything is for parties a state of things destructive of the object for which they exist. Those Republicans who demand a "plebiscitary Republic" are in no better plight. It would be easy no doubt to lay too much stress on Republican success in these contests; for it must be remembered that local and personal considerations play a very much larger part in them than they do in the parliamentary elections, but their general tendency cannot be denied.

It is much more difficult to try to draw deductions from them as to how much or how little support the Government of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is likely to receive at the General Election. In many places the candidates who are labelled "Republican" are hostile in others friendly to the ministry in office, and thus they again may have been chosen as individuals for their knowledge of local needs more than for their tendencies in general politics. If we may hazard any broad statement on the situation it is that repose is the chief thing desired in France to-day, but, if France is to remain great, it would be well for Frenchmen to remember that "calm's not life's crown, though calm is well". A very significant feature of the position is the evident conviction of the Vatican that there is no strong disposition on the part of its supporters to enter into a prolonged and bitter struggle with the authorities. Probably a large number of the threatened orders will request authorisation and continue their work much as before, a consummation in which M. Waldeck-Rousseau will find no great cause for dissatisfaction, having filled up parliamentary time and muzzled his more violent supporters.

It is satisfactory to note that the Piccadilly improvement is to be taken in hand at the close of the season. Under the scheme, by the addition of a strip of the Green Park to the public way, the width of the street between Hyde Park Corner and Walsingham House, which now varies from about 68 to 100 feet, will be increased so as to vary from about 100 to 170 feet. The First Commissioner of Works is responsible for the scheme, but the re-erection of the railings of the Park and the necessary paving works will be carried out and paid for by the County Council. Several members of that body regard the improvement as of little value, and attempted to postpone if not to defeat it. The scheme is certainly not a complete one as it does nothing to facilitate the cross traffic opposite Walsingham House, and will scarcely do away with the block which occurs at Hamilton Place. But the widening of so important and crowded a thoroughfare cannot be looked upon otherwise than as a gain, and the County Council should congratulate itself upon obtaining a metropolitan improvement at a small cost.

It is to be hoped that the sporting interest aroused by the struggle for the King's Prize at Bisley, ultimately decided in favour of a Scotsman, will not have discounted the attention which Lord Roberts' little speech on marksmanship should command. Two things were impressed on the Commander-in-Chief by his experiences in South Africa. First unless a man is expert in the use of a rifle, at both long and short range, he is of little use in modern warfare; second, close formation being no longer possible, reliance must be placed on individual intelligence both in firing and in taking cover. The Commander-in-Chief, whilst pointing out the enormous distance which under modern conditions must separate hostile armies, believes that close-range fire by men who have learnt to shoot rapidly and seek cover instantly will as often decide the issue of a battle as the bayonet did in the past. South Africa seems to have shown that our riflemen are more expert at long-range shooting than at short. No doubt this matter is to some extent one of nerve. What nerve will do was almost dramatically illustrated in the final at Bisley. An Englishman had tied the ultimate winner and had one shot to spare. He had only to hit the target to carry off the prize. Excitement alone can account for his missing it altogether.

The proceedings of the Congress on Tuberculosis have been of the most absorbing interest. Professor Koch's statement that bovine tuberculosis is incommunicable to man was the most startling. It upsets, so far as it is valid, old theories, and would render unnecessary most of the elaborate precautions taken for securing the purity of milk and meat supplies. Not even the authority of Professor Koch can be accepted at once on such an important matter, but it is clear that whatever other result there may be from the Congress it will start an investigation which will only end when

it is settled one way or the other. In Professor Koch's view the real effective danger lies in the communication of the micro-organism of human tuberculosis from one individual to another. Crowded areas in towns, crowded dwellings, ignorance of the danger of infection, want of opportunity of segregation are the conditions under which the disease causes its ravages. The means of prevention are the removal of these causes by national and international efforts. The growth of consumption is largely a matter of housing and of industrial conditions. Sanatoria and consumptive hospitals are necessary concomitants until we have freed our towns from the nests of disease. Professor Koch, as all other doctors, insisted on the necessity there is for the pecuniary aid of the State and municipalities.

Contrast in occupations and pursuits could hardly go further than that offered in the lives of Miss Ormerod the famous entomologist, and Mr. Samuel Pope K.C., the leader of the Parliamentary Bar, who died a few days ago. Mr. Pope's career, brilliant, bustling, noisy, exciting, and pecuniarily successful, appeals doubtless more to the ordinary man than the quiet, patient life of investigation led by Miss Ormerod. We mean no reflection on Mr. Pope's activities, however, when we say that Miss Ormerod's investigations procured her a wider and far more lasting fame than can be acquired by the most indisputable eminence in Parliamentary committee rooms. The value of the unique services rendered to her contemporaries by the entomologist also happens to be more easily assessable than those of the most eminent King's Counsel. To arrive at the real value of one's labours is doubtless outside the power of any but Providence but it is a natural subject for moralising. Yet one may say that, great advocate and in all ways admirable as was Mr. Pope, it will be easier for railway companies to supply his loss, than for the British farmer to secure a successor to carry on the invaluable work done by Miss Ormerod.

The prospects of the purchase of Marble Hill for the public look bright since last week's conference of the County Council's delegates with those of other bodies. It was stated that the owners were prepared to sell for £70,000, and on receiving a deposit of £3,500 would give an option of sale up to 31 December. Lord Monkswell and Sir Edward Poynter, who have shown in this matter an admirable public spirit, were deputed to treat with the owners and report to yesterday's meeting of the Parks Committee. Any discussion of the scheme for securing other parts of the river front that may have taken place has not been reported, but we need not give up hope that Twickenham may secure Lebanon House and Richmond Cambridge House, so essential to the beauty of the bridge, with the aid of wealthy inhabitants.

Money was quite easy during the earlier part of the week, day-to-day loans having been arranged at  $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{3}{4}$ . On Wednesday the rate hardened to  $1\frac{3}{4}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ , and has further advanced to  $2$ — $\frac{1}{4}$ . Interest centred in the tendering for the new Treasury bills for £1,000,000 at six months' currency, and these were allotted at the average discount rate of  $\frac{1}{2}$  4s. 7d. per annum. Some variation in the price of Consols has been experienced during the week. Opening at  $92\frac{1}{2}$  they receded to  $92\frac{1}{2}$ , but have since recovered and close at  $92\frac{1}{2}$ , the scrip and War Loan also hardening to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  and  $97\frac{3}{4}$  respectively. The improvement may be attributed to the cessation of some forced selling and to the improvement in the Bank statement disclosed on Thursday. Home rails have been decidedly flat, a general sagging becoming accentuated on the declaration of the dividends of various companies. That the high price of coal has been in a large measure responsible for diminished profits is doubtless true and the freedom from such disability is reflected in the increased dividend to 4 per cent. declared by the Central London Railway. The course of the American market has continued erratic. However later news from the wheat and corn belts has been considered more satisfactory and there is every appearance of an upward trend. Consols  $92\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### MR. ASQUITH'S POSITION.

SOME months ago the opinion was expressed in this Review that the proper person to lead His Majesty's Opposition was Mr. Asquith. The events of the last few weeks have confirmed our view. Mr. Asquith's position, like that of any other man, is inevitably a personal question, on which it would be impertinent to enter, were it not that the leadership of the Opposition is as much a matter of public concern as the Premiership. We know how important a factor in the calculations of the enemy in the field is the conduct of the Opposition. And if this is so at the Hague and in the Boer laagers, we may be sure that in the European Chanceries the point is one of cardinal interest. The Cabinets of the Continental Powers watch more closely and intelligently than the man in the street suspects, the fluctuations of English party politics, and the dossiers of the rival candidates for office are probably kept at Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg with perfect accuracy. The supreme law of public weal must therefore be our excuse for entering upon a discussion which we will endeavour to make as little offensive as possible. Advancing upon our previous opinion, we say now that Mr. Asquith is not only the best, but the only possible leader of the Opposition. At last Lord Rosebery has succeeded in putting himself definitely out of the running. The British public is not very quick to seize the humorous side of things, but after an interval of a week it does seem to have been borne in upon the mind of the press that Lord Rosebery has made himself ridiculous. Of the public feeling on the subject "Punch" is a truer mirror than the "Times", which backs Lord Rosebery with the bourgeois reverence for rank—one of its few remaining traditions. But like its protégé, the "Times" ploughs its furrow by itself; almost every other serious organ has given up Lord Rosebery as hopeless, for ridicule is mortal to a public man. It may not be flattering to Mr. Asquith, but there is another candidate who has to be eliminated before we come to him. Sir Edward Grey is young enough to be Mr. Asquith's successor, which may be the destiny reserved for him. For the moment however the younger man has been passed by the elder. Sir Edward Grey began his political career, as he told us, at the same time as Mr. Asquith, and with distinct advantages over him. Bulwer Lytton said that in politics hereditary position gave a man thirty years' start in the race. This of course is an exaggeration, but the possession of an historic name or a settled rank is unquestionably a claim in advance upon the attention and affection of the British elector, who, like Plato's dog, is apt to bark at strangers. Sir Edward Grey is endowed with these accidents of birth; but whether from indolence, or modesty, or intellectual fastidiousness, or, most probably, a combination of all, he has not "grasped the skirts of happy chance". Had he inherited with his other gifts a larger dose of what used vulgarly to be called "brass", that is to say, industry plus insensibility, Sir Edward Grey might at this hour be leading one of the parties in the State at an unprecedentedly early age.

But it was not to be, and now the time has need of Mr. Asquith. We doubt whether politicians and journalists, who are past middle age, realise how much the intellectual standard for political leadership has been raised during the last thirty years. A keenly critical modern constituency is impatient of the amateurish and unbusinesslike methods that did quite well enough in the old days. It expects industry, punctuality, the training of some business or profession, and an education, if possible, superior to its own. Mr. Asquith is exceptionally well equipped for the position of a modern political leader, provided he can make arrangements to give up his practice at the Bar. It is physically impossible for any man to lead a party in the House of Commons and actually to engage in any business or profession. If Mr. Asquith does not see his way to abandoning his profession the best thing he can do for his country and his party is to say plainly so without delay. We earnestly hope that this difficulty may be overcome, upon national, not party, grounds. We have heard



it said that Mr. Asquith is not personally popular with the rank and file of his party, which is quite possible. Very few leaders are so. Sir Robert Peel was certainly disliked for his pompous manner; and until quite the last few years Disraeli was detested as well as distrusted by the country gentlemen who used his genius. Lord Palmerston was popular, but it is impossible that Lord John Russell can have been so, and we fancy there was more awe than affection for "Mr. G." on the back benches. Contrary to the popular notion, Sir William Harcourt was very much liked by the rank and file, more so than Mr. Balfour who will not take enough trouble. But we attach no importance to lobby chatter about a leader's unpopularity: did it go for anything, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been out of the Cabinet long ago. The point is, do the cool and clear heads in the Liberal party see the necessity of placing Mr. Asquith at once upon "the uncoveted throne", which Lord Rosebery has so witlessly renounced? If they do, a way will assuredly be found to save a statesman from the solicitors. We believe that Mr. Asquith will be the next Liberal Prime Minister, if he will take another step in advance. He has repudiated the Little Englanders: let him discard Home Rule, having previously come to terms with the Conservative Government for the reduction of the Irish representation in the House of Commons to its just numerical proportion. About the big questions of domestic reform there is little or no difference between the two parties. But the Radicals, being smaller in numbers and having been out of office a long time, are keener to work out the details of social questions than their opponents, or rather their opponents' leaders. The weakness of the Liberal party lies in their extremists, in gentlemen like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Labouchere, who disgust when they do not alarm the average Briton. The weakness of the Ministerialist party lies in the conceit and indolence that inevitably attend excessive size and long possession. If Mr. Asquith and his colleagues would only put their free lances in their proper places, and revive the sane Liberalism of men like Lord Milner, they should have little difficulty in turning the tables on the Government at the next election.

#### JUDGE-MADE LAW.

**H**ARD cases make bad law. That is a saying which we believe will occur to most lawyers as a comment on the case of the Taff Railway Company and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants decided by the House of Lords on Monday. Lest it should be supposed a shocking insinuation that the House of Lords has enunciated bad law, we must remark that there is a considerable difference between the fact of a Court being the ultimate Court of Appeal and the supposition that it is non-errant. We believe that the legal profession will retain its opinion that Mr. Justice Farwell was wrong, and that the Court of Appeal was right, in spite of the authority of the House of Lords having now reinstated the decision of the judge of first instance. Lawyers we think will continue to believe, as they believed when the injunction was granted by a Chancery judge during the torpidity of the long vacation of last year, that the "hard case" of the irresponsibility of a trade union as such for the acts of its executive officers has had much, and a great deal too much, to do with the declaration of what is now irrevocably determined to be the law. Doubtless amongst lawyers there is also a considerable amount of the satisfaction felt by many because they dislike the trades unions with a full heart fervently, and so long as a blow is dealt to the unions they do not care very much from what quarter it comes. As it would have been an impossibility to pass an Act of direct legislation to the effect of the House of Lords judgment, they are ready to congratulate themselves and the country, and to thank God there is a House of Lords. Lawyers and laymen alike, from this point of view, are content to ignore the dangers which are latent in decisions given upon the ground of alleged public policy. They are pleased if the particular de-

cision happens to favour their own views of public policy, and they do not reflect that after all it is not the intention of the nation, nor in its interest, that the judges shall make the laws, under the pretence of interpreting them, according to the views they may hold of what is for the public benefit.

We are not maintaining the argument that the Lords are wrong in their view of what public policy demands in this matter of the position of the trades unions. It may be they are right; but we assert that a comparison of the judgments in the Court of Appeal and in the House of Lords shows that while the judges in the lower Court approached the question as lawyers, and sought to find out what the legislature had done by the trades union statutes, the judges in the House of Lords were bent on showing that, on the supposition of a certain view of public policy which they themselves held, the legislature could have intended nothing else than to anticipate their decision. Apart from this very dangerous principle of construction, there appears to be nothing in the decision of the House of Lords which can be considered as proving a fault of reasoning or mistaken law on the part of the Court of Appeal. To the interpretation of the Acts themselves by this Court, that is its analysis of the logical meaning of the sections, the lords oppose at the most a mere *ipse dixit*. To the assertion of the Court of Appeal that it could find nothing in the Acts wherefrom the inference could be drawn that the legislature had enacted that a trade union can be sued in its registered name, Lords Macnaghten and Lindley simply state they can find nothing against the view of public policy they hold. Mr. Justice Farwell's decision was founded on the same consideration; and the Lord Chancellor simply did not trouble about the Acts but homologated Mr. Justice Farwell's decision in a judgment of a few lines. He baldly enunciated what the other two lords stated with a little more detail. "If the legislature" he said "has created a thing which can hold property, which can employ servants, which can inflict injury, it must be taken I think to have impliedly given the power to make it sueable in a court of law for injuries purposely done by its authority and procurement". We should be surprised if this what may be called a *a priori* method of interpreting laws were to find favour with the legal profession.

There is indeed an *a priori* of principle which makes of the law a science, but it is legal principle, and not an *a priori* of political science which the judges choose to adopt. We find such a legal principle in Lord Justice Smith's statement of the law which the Court of Appeal thought applicable to this case. It is, or has been, an immemorial doctrine of the law, that the only persons who can sue, or be sued, are either natural persons, or artificial persons incorporated as legal entities either by the Crown or by the legislature. From this premiss it would follow deductively that if the legislature chooses to make a kind of legal monstrosity which is neither one thing nor the other, that such a monster, if it is to have power to sue, must have that power conferred on it expressly. Otherwise it would have all the rights, and be subject to all the duties, of a personality with a complete legal soul: and all distinctions would become useless and tautologous. The trades unions are admittedly such monsters, and though having neither human nor corporate form the legislature might have conferred on them the legal soul—but surely not by mere implication. A lawyer who valued his system as a science would surely say, I am not going to allow such a solid distinction as that founded on natural or legal personalities to be broken down by vague implications and inferences, even though they are induced by a grandiose doctrine of public policy which the judges may find at the back of their minds. The House of Lords has not said there is an implication in the language itself of the Acts that the trades unions as such may sue and be sued. The implication that they are able to sue and be sued is made from a principle which is not a legal principle at all but political. An interpretation of statutes thus, from the outside as we might say, ought always to be regarded with suspicion. Judges making use of such an instrument are exercising not the judicial but the legislative office. There have been times in our

history it is true when the machinery of legislation has lagged dilatory behind a matured public opinion. In matters cognate with this trade union case the freedom of industry has advanced by the interpretation of statutes on an altogether different view of public policy from that which led to their being enacted. But there was always a danger in allowing judges to deduce for themselves what the true public policy was. Their doing so in these days, when the legislative and the executive machinery have become so differentiated and specialised, is a gratuitous intrusion into a department which does not belong to them. If it is necessary, it is a proof that both pieces of machinery are not working as they ought to work.

Granting for the sake of argument that in this case the judges have rightly expounded a true public policy, we still say that the method of exposition is a totally wrong one. Our legislation ought not to be made in Parliament in the chamber of one only of the estates of the realm assembled not for avowed legislative purposes but for judicial interpretation of laws already made. To assume this power is not even the act of strong judges. Our great judges have been men who did not shrink from interpreting the laws in their rigidity, without calling in the aid of patent devices for lessening the shock they might give to any class of society, commercial or social, by their decisions. We admire the sternness with which the judges of the Appeal Court kept to their proper task; consequently we deprecate the facility with which the House of Lords has allowed itself to be seduced into settling a purely legal question on grounds which are really political. It is not necessary to say that we do not mean party politics; but judges should be above suspicion, and when they venture to interpret "public policy" they may find themselves engaged in something very like the utterance of party shibboleths. As to the action of the trades unions in view of the decision, if they cannot hope to annul it by legislation, and they would hardly succeed under either a Conservative or a Liberal Government (so far are we willing to concede that the Lords have rightly interpreted a very general opinion) it will hardly be worth their while in future to resist incorporation. Their resistance in the past has been intelligible; but their anomalous position will no longer afford them any protection; and there would be a convenience in regard to organisation, and even perhaps a compensation in their possessing full legal personality. It might happen too that their recognition in trade disputes by employers would be more readily accorded. But we are afraid their disappointment will be great, especially after they have become accustomed to back the House of Lords against the Appeal Court in cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

#### THE CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS.

AN assemblage of the leading scientific experts in a branch of modern science, associated with the accredited representatives of the chief States of the modern world and meeting under the direct encouragement of the King, is at once assured of the respectful and sympathetic attention of every intelligent person. It is unnecessary to urge the intrinsic importance of the study of tuberculosis, which in its several forms is the heaviest scourge of civilised man and is accountable for more deaths than the deaths from smallpox before the invention of vaccination. A great war at its most critical time costs less in life and sorrow and money than the enduring war of tuberculosis on the human race, and brave men in the field run less risk from bullets than little children of our towns from the plague of consumption. At the present time, however, we are in the beginning of a new epoch in the study of tuberculosis, and those who go no further into the deliberations of the Congress than to read the measured words of Lord Lister, the lucid expositions of Professor Brouardel, and the confident rhetoric of Professor Koch, will perceive readily that the reasons for the new hope fall into three groups.

In the first place we know now the cause of tuberculosis. Doubtless there is no word more misleading or more difficult to employ justly in argument than the

word cause. The whole set of conditions antecedent to the condition under investigation may put in a valid metaphysical and physical claim for inclusion in causation. In the case of consumption, a thousand factors play an indisputable part in contributing to the result. Insanitary conditions in town or country, unhealthy occupations, the crowding of huddled families in close alleys and sunless courts, alcoholism, chronic starvation and almost every evil factor of modern life not only predispose to the disease but directly increase its virulence. With the improvement of the conditions under which the working classes live, and with the greater knowledge of personal hygiene shared by all classes, there has been a direct diminution in the total death-rate and a still greater diminution in the relative death-rate due to consumption within recent years. Dr. Squire, for instance, in a recent address to the Epidemiological Society of London, speaking of England, stated that in 1875, 52,943 persons died from consumption. In 1885 the number was 48,175, and in 1895, with an increasing population, it had fallen to 41,641. By attacking insanitation generally, and particularly by preventing overcrowding, there is no doubt but that great and increasing diminutions may be made in the death-rate. But among the antecedent conditions there is one universal factor to which the term "cause" may be most properly applied. Some years ago Professor Koch detected the presence of a particular micro-organism, the *bacillus tuberculosis*, in consumptive tissues, and a host of workers has placed his discovery beyond all doubt. When this microbe gains a footing in a living tissue it excites a specific inflammation; tuberculosis in the lungs is consumption; it sets up different but kindred disease in the joints; in the intestines it produces tabes mesenterica; in the covering of the brain it produces tubercular meningitis; in the glands it produces strumous or scrofulous glands; tuberculosis of the skin produces the horrible disease known as lupus. Wherever the diseases occur the tubercle bacillus is present. However favourable the conditions, the diseases do not occur unless the bacillus has gained an entrance from some pre-existing focus of its growth.

The second great feature of our modern knowledge of tuberculosis is the definite establishment of the fact that its cure is not beyond the reach of the medical art. It is true that there is no hope for advanced cases of the disease in any of its forms, and so long as its real nature was unknown, there was no certainty of diagnosing it in time to take proper measures. But the discovery of Koch, amplified and made more precise by later workers, has placed a certain mode of diagnosis in the hands of the physician. Long before the disease has gained a sure hold on the skin or the bowel or the lung the examination of the smallest fragment of discharge or of tissue discovers the little organism to the skilled microscopist, and the way is clear for a direct struggle, with a splendid hope of success. In the skin the bacilli may be killed by the slow application of concentrated rays of light, and already at the London Hospital the generous zeal of Queen Alexandra has established a ward where patients suffering from lupus are being cured. The cure is slow and costly, but it succeeds. In the case of consumption, the bacilli in the lung have to be attacked by more indirect methods, but the sanatoria established on the Continent and in England, as for instance in Hampstead, have already produced certain results. It has been known for long as a result of post-mortem examinations that tuberculous lesions occasionally do heal, and those who have suffered from them die in the ordinary course of events, perhaps long years afterwards, and from entirely different causes. The vital activities of the body make a profound struggle against the intruding microbes, and once the physician is aware of the presence of these, he can do much to aid the tissues in their own recuperation. The all important matters are the diagnosis of the disease and its treatment at a stage in which the patient has not yet begun to recognise himself as seriously ill. He is still able to go about his ordinary work, to mix with his fellows in warehouse or factory and yet his only sure hope is to be for a period of at least ninety days as completely under the rigid discipline of the physician as if he were



suffering from the incapacitating assaults of typhoid or smallpox. Here there would seem to be, if not a clear, at least a provisional case for the operation of the State, perchance in the establishment of sanatoria, perhaps in the provision for the families of wage-earners who although still able to earn wages choose to pursue the treatment; perhaps even in the establishment of a compulsory system for enforcing the treatment on all who require it.

The third set of ideas which make the modern discussion of tuberculosis different in kind from the older views is a plain corollary from the discovery of the actual bacillus. If the forms of tuberculosis do not exist, however great the disposition to the disease, without the actual organisms having effected an entrance to the body, then it ought to be possible to stamp out the disease by preventing the bacilli spreading from patient to new victim. Tuberculosis is not hereditary in the proper sense of the word. It is possible that in some infinitesimally small number of cases a human being has received the infection before birth; in practically every case it is long after birth that bacilli, sprung from a previous case, for the first time enter the body. Nor is there any doubt but that in over 90 per cent. of cases the avenue of infection is through the lungs. Professor Koch, who with all his undoubted claims to respect and admiration as a brilliant investigator, is somewhat of a sensationalist, was stating nothing new or unknown when he informed the general meeting that it is not dangerous to eat tuberculous meat or to drink tuberculous milk. It is extremely rare to find what physicians call the primary lesions of tubercle in the course of the human alimentary tract. The sputum from consumptive patients is full of tubercle bacilli; these may dry without losing vitality, and, blown about in the fine dust of the air, they are breathed into the lungs of new victims. Here in this fact is another reason for the interference of the State with regard to those already suffering from tubercle, as each of these is a continuous source of infection for others. Professor Koch's main point, that the tubercle of man is an organism distinct from the tubercle of cattle or of fowls, obviously, as Lord Lister pointed out, is a statement requiring very full investigation. That tuberculous meat and milk are not specially dangerous to eat is little to the point, since bacilli dried from these might gain access to the human body in the usual channel by the lungs. That the bacilli of man, fowls and cattle are not identical under the microscope is again not conclusive, as bacilli of all kinds are notoriously polymorphic, that is to say, change their character and appearance according to the media in which they are cultivated. Moreover they change not only in appearance but in properties, so that bacteria, taken from an animal and grown for some time in a medium, may fail to infect another animal of the same kind. Finally, tubercle bacilli are organisms slow in growth and difficult to cultivate, and that bacilli taken from human bodies do not at once infect animals is no certain argument against the essential identity of the organisms. These are questions to be determined finally in the laboratory and not by formal public discussion, and in the meantime, it would be a serious thing if the campaign against tuberculous meat were to be relaxed. Fortunately there is no better place than a congress for the raising of these and other general questions. The scientific experts and the representatives of the executive powers can arrange between them the best measures for testing scientific results and for interpreting them into social action.

## THE ARMS OF THE SERVICE.

### II.—CAVALRY.

**C**RITICISM has been more busy with the performances of our cavalry during the war than with any other arm. Of officers that have returned from South Africa nine out of ten not belonging to the cavalry themselves complain that our regular squadrons only partially fulfilled their rôle, and that they have been disappointed in what they saw. It is not quite easy to account for the deficiencies which we fear must be admitted. The cavalry non-commissioned officers, especi-

ally those of the higher ranks, are usually superior in every way to those of the ordinary infantry regiment. The reason is not far to seek. More responsibility has been thrown on these non-commissioned officers in the cavalry than elsewhere. One of them is often called upon, or was until a few years ago often called upon, during the leave season to do duty that usually falls on officers not rich enough to keep a stud of hunters. The more you ask from a man the more you get. By habitually expecting staff sergeants and sergeants in the cavalry to take much on themselves their intelligence and self-respect have been much increased. Of late years a certain outcry against idleness in the cavalry has led to squadron training being strictly insisted on, and more officers being constantly in barracks than was formerly the custom. It is to be feared however that merely being in barracks does not vastly improve the officers, and horses are groomed no more thoroughly because several officers are gossiping and chaffing in their neighbourhood than when only one was supervising. The general effect of restricted leave has not always been beneficial, because the presence of the officers circumscribed the responsibility of the non-commissioned officers, and in some regiments subalterns did indifferently what sergeants had been in the habit of doing well. Officers should be made to study their profession as officers, be capable of instructing and training their men, and spend their time with their regiments in efforts to improve the efficiency of their commands on foot, as well as on horseback; in scouting, in sketching, in shooting, in horse-management, in hasty field works, and in many other branches of a soldier's education. There is a wide field for talent, vast scope for industry and patience. But the mere fact of keeping officers in barracks and making three or four men "do stables", when one would be sufficient, will not raise the standard of our cavalry efficiency. It is here that the chief difficulty in improvement will become manifest, for there are comparatively few officers in our cavalry that are capable of instructing their younger officers or men in all the multifarious duties that fall to squadrons in the field and until we alter such a state of things our efforts must be futile. The standard of intelligence amongst cavalry officers should be higher than in any other arm. A man may be a stolid, stupid fellow enough and yet stick to his guns, and fight them well. The normal duties of an infantry officer do not so often place him in positions where a momentous decision must be based on quickness of observation or rapid inference. But it is widely different with cavalry work. In it a young officer is always being called upon to use his brains. The message sent back from the front by a subaltern on patrol duty may modify a general's dispositions; a good sketch or intelligent report may supply just what is wanted to make suspicion a certainty, or influence a far-reaching decision. The action of the advanced cavalry may often make or mar a plan of campaign. A lack of brain-power in a cavalry officer may often be more disastrous in its consequences than any other deficiency in an army. Yet we deliberately legislate to provide less intelligent officers for our squadrons than for our battalions. We are forced into doing so because young men with money are more essential than young men with brains. Living in the cavalry is so expensive, we are told, that only the sons of wealthy men can enter it. Obviously then we must reduce expenses in the cavalry. But we are informed that sumptuary laws are out of date, and that the task is an impossible one. Herein lies the greatest fallacy of all. The first colonel who is refused further employment because he has not curtailed extravagance in his regiment will put an end to the present scale of living. It is said that the coach and the luncheons at race meetings are principally responsible for high mess bills. Then let the regimental coach disappear. The Government has already stepped in to supply chargers, so another heavy drain on an officer's pocket has vanished. The rest is easy, for the commanding officer is responsible for the mess, and by no process of reasoning can it be shown that an officer who rides need spend more on his food than one who walks. And if the senior officers of a regiment set the

example, the younger ones will soon cease to regard cards and high play as essential to good form. It is merely a matter of the authorities having the courage of their convictions, and insisting on comparatively poor men, that is to say with not more than £200 a year, being able to live in any branch of the service towards which their proclivities may lead them.

Having opened the cavalry service once more to talent, and having, we trust, improved the standard of intelligence of its officers, what are the next steps towards an improvement of the arm itself? First we must attach more importance to horse management, and must give credit more for horses being hard and fit than for sleek manes and tails, round bodies and shining coats. The wastage amongst our cavalry horses in South Africa may largely be attributed to animals having been forced into work when soft and out of health from the effects of a long sea voyage. At the same time some corps lost considerably more than others, and we have met no officer prepared to deny that there was in general room for improvement in our knowledge of the horsemaster's art. It has ever been a reproach to the British soldier that he thought far more of his own comfort than of that of his horse. But between a trooper and his mount there should be an alliance in which the claim of either party to consideration is completely recognised. Horse and man are reciprocally essential to one another, and the lives of both are in a military sense of equal importance.

But our squadrons, even if always fully mobile, will fall short of what is required from them under modern conditions, if their training be not greatly modified. Musketry has hitherto been treated but in a very perfunctory manner in most regiments. In some, target shooting was paid a good deal of attention to and a fair figure of merit has often been arrived at. Shooting at a target is however but a very elementary portion of training for the man who is to work on foot. Dismounted cavalry are at present like fish out of water. They have little or no idea even of the elementary drill necessary for the foot soldier in the field. Attack formations or attacks are rarely or never practised in some corps. The men when dismounted huddle together helplessly in little knots; do not know how to extend, to take cover, or to carry out an advance by the alternate movement of echelons. Cavalry want to be trained to fight on foot just as companies and battalions are trained to do. They likewise need instruction at the butts, and at field firing just as do their brethren who are not mounted. It will be apparent then why, leaving tactical duties aside, a cavalry officer needs to be more capable than one in the infantry. The former has to train his men in a universal rôle. To ride well, to shoot well, to turn the lie of the ground to account—to be in fact a good infantry as well as a good cavalry soldier. The latter has a more limited horizon and a smaller sphere for his energy. Further, if our cavalry is to work genially on foot, it must be armed with as good a weapon as the footsoldier. Men with carbines do not meet men with rifles on terms of equality. The moral effect induced by the feeling that their armament is inferior cannot fail to produce an impression. The long rifle must in future be carried by the trooper, and there is no reason why it should not prove consistent with his comfort and efficiency. A rifle can be made in two pieces to fold up into a bucket no bigger than that which carries a carbine at present. In South Africa moreover many regiments are now carrying the long rifle on the left side, while the sword is carried on the right. The difficulty of drawing swords is not found insuperable, and in future battle-fields swords will not have to be drawn in frantic haste. It may be pointed out too that cavalry which carry long rifles and can work on foot as well as their comrades of the infantry will by no means be debarred from shock tactics when need arises, nor will they be found unfit for the purpose even should their lines be less accurately dressed than were those of Lord Anglesey or Prince Murat. It will be hopeless to think of charging unshaken infantry; demoralised troops if opportunely assailed will break, and can be kept on the run without much difficulty.

To say that scouting duties are important and must

be taught is to assert a mere platitude, but already a good deal of trouble is taken under that head, and it is not quite easy to see what new methods can be culled from our recent experiences. The ineradicable vice of the British soldier is his tendency to expose himself, and when scouting he usually tells the enemy more than he learns himself. Nothing short of the cultivation of the general intelligence of the rank and file will banish this fault, and such a process must of necessity be slow. But patience and perseverance will accomplish something, and it is essential that they be applied with all earnestness towards this end. Screening duties will be of importance equal to scouting, and even if we cannot ensure our troopers seeing, we can at least train them to prevent their opponent seeing what is going on behind the screen of cavalry which will cover the front of our army. It is just because rifle-fire will so materially aid them in screening duties that our cavalry should be made to take it up with zeal. A cavalry capable of good fire-action accompanied by a few mobile batteries may make hostile demonstrations, threaten flanks, deny access to territory, reconnoitre, screen, or pursue with a confidence and certainty that squadrons trained principally to one kind of fighting can never hope to possess. It is therefore to attain efficiency in the use of the rifle and in fighting generally on foot that our efforts towards the improvement of our cavalry should chiefly be turned.

#### IN THE WAYS OF THE BIRDS.\*

THIS is an age of hurry and business, of bodily activity and mental restlessness; and human beings find it difficult to be still and patient about any employment unless they are shut up indoors. Even ardent field-naturalists seem to like to wander about with gun or collecting-box rather than to sit perfectly still watching the doings of live wild animals. Watching is like thinking, and both are rare in these days. For both you must be at leisure and free for the time from sordid cares: you must be alone or with a friend who is part of yourself: and you must have a quiet set of nerves that will not chafe or rebel at the constraint of stillness and silence. How few naturalists have been really patient observers of animal life! White's familiar letters on the swallow kind—monographs, as he called them—show that he had the qualifications in abundance, mental tranquillity and accuracy, the power of concentrating the faculties on a single object to the exclusion of all other thoughts: and I am sometimes tempted to wish that he had used them more constantly than he did. Of all recent books I have read (until this present month) in which the ways of birds are patiently and intelligently noted, the best perhaps is Miss Jane Hayward's "Bird Notes", in which an invalid lady recorded, for her own satisfaction, what she saw from the windows of her house at Sidmouth. We all felt at once that she had the right credentials, and, though she did not live to know it, she became a quoted authority.

Watching is a delightful occupation: it keeps you quiet yet alert, wide awake yet resting. And we shall gradually come to see that without it we shall never really solve most of those problems of animal life which may be called biological or psychological if we like to use long words, but are in reality simple questions beginning with how or why, easy to propound but infinitely difficult to answer. These questions will never be answered by collectors or photographers or even by anatomists; we must have watchers as patient as Réaumur and Hübner, but as yet, to the best of my knowledge, we have in England only one. Tired of seeing no new species in his district, the young ambitious ornithologist travels, if he can afford it, with gun and "skinner", or spends hours with a camera trying to reproduce on a film what can only be effectually photographed on the mind. He can tell us little or nothing of the meaning of the actions and utterances even of our commonest birds, as bearing on those problems of life and mind which will be the

\* "Bird-Watching." By Edmund Selous ("Haddon Hall Library"). London: Dent. 1901. 7s. 6d. net.



chief work of naturalists when that of collecting and classifying is gradually completed. The real watcher, the true field-naturalist, has a great future before him, and if I am not mistaken, museums stored with dead creatures will one day take a second place in the estimation of the zoologist.

So I cannot but think after reading the last published volume of the Haddon Hall Library, on Bird-watching, by Mr. Edmund Selous. I would most warmly recommend it to every ambitious young naturalist who feels himself impelled to find out something new, and thinks he can do it with gun, camera or collecting-box. Mr. Selous' papers in the "Zoologist" have already shown us that he has the qualifications for a good watcher—leisure, perseverance, good eyesight, insatiable curiosity, a hunter's skill in stalking, industry and accuracy in recording, caution in drawing conclusions. Here, in a volume of some 330 pages, not always perhaps perfect in manner, but most valuable in matter, we have a summary of patient observation of birds courting, quarrelling, feeding, nest-building, singing, flocking, diving and in fact doing everything that birds are ever to be seen doing. Scientifically, the actual notes made on the spot are the most valuable part of this delightful book: from these the reader can draw his own conclusions. But Mr. Selous often has his own ideas about what he has seen, and modestly suggests an interpretation. Let me give a single instance.

Everyone who lives in the country knows how birds which flock in the winter act together as if under the command of a leader. The swallows and martins on your house-roof in September dash off suddenly for a flight, exactly as if a word of command had been given them. Starlings congregated by the hundred in a meadow rise together looking like a sheet of drapery just lifted by the breeze. So it is too with rooks, and with the crowds of small birds that assemble in hard weather in a rickyard. I have myself watched these manoeuvres over and over again and have never been able to discover the smallest sign of leadership; but I have not watched them with the patient indefatigability of Mr. Selous. He secreted himself in a comfortable cavern in a haystack one winter morning and watched the proceedings of all the small birds that came to feed; as usual, they took their sudden and unaccountable flights, "rising all together with a sudden whirr of wings, and flurrying away to some near tree or trees, or into the hedgerow, to return in a much more scattered and gradual manner very soon—sometimes directly afterwards". Naturally one thinks that this must be the result of a warning note or order given by a single bird; some crow or hawk is or is fancied to be near. So Mr. Selous thought until he proved the contrary to his satisfaction, and the proof (p. 212) is a good example of really intelligent watching. A real sparrow-hawk did at last appear, and the result was not hurried flight, but a sudden hush and silence, followed by a flight more gradual and less compact than usual. The idea of leadership was also discredited by another fact which Mr. Selous noted and which I can corroborate though I never gave it much heed until he mentioned it: that in the rickyard, if a signal was given, it was not obeyed by *all* the birds—a few always remained. It is perfectly true, as he says, that observation and difficulties often begin at the same time. Mr. Selous has indeed an explanation worth attention, but it is given with some hesitation and as a suggestion only. He thinks that birds when gathered together in large numbers "think and act, not individually, but collectively: or rather they do both one and the other", some being able to resist the common impulse which acts on the majority with such sudden force. A kind of thought-transference takes the place of deliberation and speech. A common feeling seizes the whole flock at the same instant, which may have no objective origin whatever: some individuals, more sluggish ones, perhaps, are able to resist it, but the majority are irresistibly impelled to obey it. I will not attempt to pass a verdict upon this suggestion; I can only say that it seems to fit in with the feeling that I have about the working of birds' minds, after observing them for a quarter of a century.

This is but a single example of the way in which Mr. Selous combines careful observation and cautious theorising: I have chosen it because we are all familiar with the phenomena, though no one, so far as I know, has attempted to record and explain them. But the chapter which I have been quoting is only one out of twelve; open anywhere, and you will find something that if not new is at least strange, just because you have it for the first time noted down as well as seen. The antics of a lovesick sparrow in the road may possibly have attracted one's notice, and suggested a passing recollection of Mr. Hudson's "Naturalist in La Plata"; but the performances of the great plovers as watched by Mr. Selous are almost as extraordinary as those of the American spurwinged lapwing. More familiar species, such as the wheatears, will be found to do very strange things by those who conceal themselves to watch them. On two occasions I have seen a stoat perform a dance that filled me with amazement, when, as far as I could see, he was quite alone. Reading Mr. Selous' book I feel that if I were beginning life again, I would give all my spare time to watching as he has watched. He has taken a new departure, and needs to be supplemented and tested. There is a wide field in front of the beginner who will follow in his steps.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

#### THE CHALLENGE FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

SHAMROCK II., having finished her trials with her elder sister, has exchanged her racing gear for her ocean-going rig. Speculation as to what is likely to be the result of the race for the America Cup is not very profitable, but it is probably correct to say that more is known of her form than was known of the form of the first of her name before the start from Clyde to America was made. The first Shamrock had been carefully fitted out and raced against the new boat in such a way as to test so far as possible the power of speed possessed by the latter. So well indeed did the older boat play her part in the early days of the trials that for a moment it was a question whether, with her somewhat reduced rig, she was not even a little more than a match for the present challenger. The new ship, however, after the repairs necessitated by the accident in the Solent had been effected and various "tuning up" cruises sailed, appeared to be about five or six minutes better on the average than the first vessel on a fifty-mile course. Those concerned in the venture declare themselves satisfied with this result; more especially as, in by no means the least well-informed quarters, Shamrock I. is considered a better boat now than when she sailed for the Cup.

The trials on the other side of the Atlantic do not appear, so far as we can tell, to have given such encouraging results to the Cup defender's owner as those on the Clyde have to the challenger's. But we are not disposed to place too much reliance upon this. Americans have a way of coming up to the scratch in these matters, which makes them dangerous rivals. The Cup has been there a long time, and experience does not encourage sanguine expectations. Nevertheless it is beyond question that "Columbia" early in the month has been showing "Constitution" the way round the course. "Columbia", it must be remembered, was the 1899 defender. If it could be shown which of the two, "Shamrock I." or "Columbia", were now the better boat, perhaps a moderately reliable forecast of this year's race might be made.

If this vessel wins the Cup and returns triumphantly to this country, the American yachtsmen, not content by any means with their success in having held the trophy so long, will, we may be quite sure, make every effort to recover it. But, once on this side of the Atlantic, the Cup would have to be contested for under English, not American, rules. To those who look on yachting, not merely as a pleasant pastime but as a most interesting and scientific pursuit, the idea of having an America Cup contest, under British Yacht Racing Association rules, is very attractive; since for us, on this side, the races for a considerable

number of years have been somewhat monotonous in their result.

It may be of interest to consider briefly, supposing the Cup does come here and the 1902 race is held under our own Y.R.A. rules, what may be the effect upon the design of the yachts. We believe that the effect, in such a case, must be distinctly beneficial in that it would produce what seafaring folk call a "wholesome" boat. We do not claim to be able to give the exact dimensions of Shamrock II., but the following measurements are moderately near the mark. She is 90 feet on the water-line. This must be so according to the American rules; but these rules as to other measurements, such as sail area, spars or even beam and depth, are elastic. Her beam is something between 24 and 25 feet. Her new pole mast of steel is about 150 feet from deck to topsail halliard; shieve hole for boom 103 or 104 feet. She draws 21 feet of water, and she spreads something like 15,000 square feet of canvas. The American must be something after the same fashion. This is the result of the American rating rules, as expounded by Messrs. Herreshoff and Watson. The rule, to be exact, is as follows: You add the water-line length to the square rate of the sail area, and divide the result by two. Length becomes therefore the principal factor and restriction and a designer's powers of sparring and canvassing these ships are but little fettered; and the outcome thereof is nothing but an over-sparred, over-ballasted, deep-drafted and over-canvassed monstrosity, neither safe nor useful. If Mr. Herreshoff has to design a boat next year to conform to our rules and to cross the Atlantic before the races, the result may be looked for with much interest. After the two accidents, one to the Cup Challenger, the other to the Defender, almost simultaneous and identical in most respects, it certainly looks as though we had reached a limit, beyond which the American rule could not take us; and that upon the links and spars of these yachts a strain too great for endurance had been put. And this is quite apart from the question whether or no the enormous crews, which these racers carry, would really be able to handle them in a strong wind and sea.

#### TO LORD STANMORE.

THE House of Lords indulged last Monday, at the instance of Lord Stanmore, in one of the conversations peculiar to that Chamber, admirable so far as they stir questions out of the range of hand-to-mouth politics, and impossible in the other House because of the congestion of flabby-furious debate, but ineffectual, because the interlocutors are oppressed from the outset with the conviction that nothing will come of the discussion. This conviction is partly to be laid to the account of Lord Salisbury, who has a fatalistic despair about the prospects of any idea not forced upon him against his will by the voters. Autocratic within his own sphere, such affairs of high policy as can be reserved from the decision of the daily paper and the voter, he believes apparently that the tides of stupidity and ignorance rule in all other matters, and that the chances of popular agitation, not to be controlled, settle them blindly. It is a mistake: a very little courage, a firm lead, a little explanation and persuasion will carry an idea through with a democracy if its proposer's position gives him a hearing and his knowledge authority. In matters about which he cares and knows nothing this sort of lead is of course not to be looked for from Lord Salisbury. But why do the begetters of ideas in the Upper House bring them to him in such a condition that they are foreordained to execution by his gloomy intelligence? Here, says the introducer, is my smoking flax, here is my bruised reed, which the Premier, before the evening is over, will doubtless quench or break. And Lord Salisbury, thus invited, duly puts his foot on the proposal with sad alacrity. I venture to suggest to Peers who raise conversations of this nature that their schemes ought to be so chosen, so timed and so backed by consideration and knowledge, that they would outlive a douche of cold water from Lord Salisbury. The suggestion of Lord Wemyss, for example, the other day, that models of the new Govern-

ment buildings should be exhibited for criticism in the House is too late. The buildings are decided upon, and in progress. It is not too late, however, to nip in the bud the Victoria Memorial scheme, if it turns out to be unsatisfactory. On the other hand Lord Stanmore's proposal to revive the Royal Commission of 1842 for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts is an ill-considered proposal, however well meant, as a brief review of the facts will show. That Commission "flickered out" or rather put itself out, after twenty years activity, not, as Lord Salisbury supposes, because nobody in this country cares for art, but because, first, no committee should ever be given the vague task of Encouraging Art, and second because this committee went about that mistaken task in a more than usually foolish and incompetent manner.

It is no business of the State directly to "encourage" art any more than it is its business to encourage eating and drinking. The State encourages eating and drinking to the extent of feeding the citizens who perform definite public services. Even so it may properly pay artists to carry out definite pieces of work that the State wants, or buy existing works of art because they are worth the money. It should never pay for what is not wanted under the hypocrisy of "encouragement". An individual who wishes to have his portrait painted, or a picture to hang above his dining-room table, employs the painter or buys the picture that he likes. His object, if he is an honest man and not a pretender to taste, is to get the picture because he likes it, not to "encourage art". He never dreams of the effrontery of giving out his portrait to competition among painters generally, with the bait of one or two prizes, and by this means tempting recruits into the army of painters. But this is exactly what the Royal Commission of 1842 did. It planned to call into existence a new levy of painters by the bait of competition, and when they had been brought together did not employ them. A perfectly definite job was on hand. The Houses of Parliament had been burned down. They had been rebuilt by Sir Charles Barry. The nation decided that they were to be made more magnificent still by the addition of paintings and sculpture. Now the reasonable plan, one would think, in such a case would be for the nation to decide how much it was prepared to lay out on those decorations and then say to the architect, Find your sculptors and painters and do the best you can for the money. But this was not enough for the public men of the day; they determined to "promote and encourage art", in the sense of stimulating young men all over the country to turn to painting in the grand style: the idea at the bottom being that a parliamentary demand for great artists will create a supply. Instead therefore of looking about for the best men and asking, Will you fill a space of ten feet by six with such and such a subject at such and such a price, the Commission laid out a vast deleterious programme. It was composed, be it said, of busy statesmen, literary men and so forth, but not a single artist except the secretary (Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Eastlake). Its first decision, in the face of all the painters' advice obtained, was that the method of painting should be fresco, that being a method quite unknown to English painters, and as the event proved, thoroughly unsuited to the English climate. Having thus successfully debarred the greater number of existing artists with fixed methods of painting, the commission invited a new generation out of the vague by means of competitions, competitions not for definite subjects and sizes but general exercises of no use except as tests. To these successive competitions candidates flocked in great numbers, most of them young men misled by ambition. Some new men of talent were among them; but Alfred Stevens, Madox Brown, and if I remember rightly Mr. G. F. Watts received no commissions. These competitions, in fact, were a long-drawn farce resulting in nothing but expense and heartbreak to the candidates. There was one painter who was inevitable from the first. This was William Dyce, who had spent his youth in Italy in the study of monumental painting, was already director of the new Government Schools of Design, and was consulted at the very outset by the Parliamentary Committee that preceded the Commission. To him, after the farce of the competitions the lion's



share of the work was given, and for the rest the Commissioners fell back on the ordinary, able, facile academician. Maclise was the most able and facile, and gave immense satisfaction—Maclise whose private opinion it was that all the Old Masters from Madrid to Moscow might be burned and no harm done. With him were employed Messrs. Ward Cope and Horsley. Herbert was the Commission's chief discovery. The result, it will be seen, was pretty much what would have happened if Parliament, in the first instance, had gone to the President of the Royal Academy and asked him to name painters for the various spaces to be filled. Only there had been the huge delay, cost, fuss, disappointed expectations, twisted and spoiled careers due to the indefinite competitions.

Now I venture to ask Lord Stanmore, in the light of this history, to think out what would happen if the Commission were revived to complete the unfinished programme in the Houses of Parliament. There would be the same taking of evidence, endless committees and reportings, competitions to which a number of young men would hopefully send their work. Among these young men might be one or two of promise, who would be passed over by the influential owls of the Commission. Finally the Academy would be invited officially or unofficially to advise; and after five or ten years' delay the Maclise of our time, Mr. Abbey, would be set to work. Why then put in motion so portentous a machinery to arrive at a foregone conclusion? Why not invite the President of the Academy to disclose at once the fact of Mr. Abbey's existence? It is a pretty make-believe for a mother to look for her baby behind the curtain and under the sofa and in the coal-scuttle while he is all the time crowing on the rug: it is a tedious game for a Royal Commission.

I need not say that going to the Academy for its present Wards, Copes and Horsleys is not the course I am anxious to see Lord Stanmore adopt. I only point out that it is a short cut preferable to reappointing a Commission to "inquire and report whether advantage may not be taken of the rebuilding of our Palace at Westminster . . . for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the fine arts in our United Kingdom". I have not space to develop an alternative, and must return to the subject. But I will add a word on Lord Rosebery's proposal that a sum should yearly be allowed by the Treasury for commissioning portraits of great men for the National Portrait Gallery. It is a plausible scheme, but in practice would probably degenerate into a second Chantrey Fund. Our great men do, as a rule, get painted, and it is not in the least necessary that the portrait should be in one particular gallery. For the purposes of history a photograph of the portrait, supplemented by photographs of the man are sufficient. If at any time a portrait-monument of any one great man is wanted it is best that it should be commissioned singly. Perpetual machinery means secretaries, offices, jobbery and embarrassing collections of pictures for which wall-space must be found.

D. S. M.

#### "EVERY-MAN."

WHAT, I wonder, would have been the feelings of poor Mr. George Alexander Redford, the Censor, had he strayed last Saturday into the sunny grey quadrangle of the Charterhouse? To ban any introduction of sacred figures into stage-plays is one of the primal functions of his great office. His, night and day, to mount guard over the chained Bible which theatrical *entrepreneurs* would fain rape to their lairs. Alas that he can be circumvented! Alas that his court-sword glances vainly off one who is armoured in "private subscription"! Such an antagonist is Mr. William Poel, who has been giving us "Every-man". In this play appears a white-bearded, gold-haloed figure named "Adonai"—the Creator of the universe. According to the tenets of our Censorship, could profanity further go? Yet the whole performance was "under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll and"—as though to leave no stone unturned against poor, bewildered, excoriated Mr. Redford—

"the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor". Nor was that all. "The Proceeds, after paying expenses, will be given to the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund." Worse still: many clergymen were present, *complaisants*. Foremost among them was Dr. Haig Brown, having seen fit to lend for this performance those dear precincts which now, in the fulness of time, felicitously, he rules again. It may be that he, in the dim past, counted among his pupils a child named George Alexander Redford. Let us hope it was so. It would crown the irony of the situation.

That no one orally protested against Mr. Poel's production, is explicable in the light of two facts: the stage had been rigged in the open air, not behind footlights, and the cast was of anonymous amateurs. There is, undoubtedly, a strong national prejudice against contact of the Bible with the drama; but it is based on survival of the old Puritanical feeling that a theatre is a devil-haunted place which never can have any pretension to respectability, and on the (quite intelligible) difficulty in reconciling with a sacred figure any worldly, well-known, well-interviewed mime who may impersonate it. Had "Adonai" been impersonated by (say) Sir Henry Irving, and had the Lyceum been the venue, most of us would have been (quite intelligibly) shocked. For we know so much about Sir Henry's career, and the fact that his career is so extremely creditable as it is to a mortal man would make little difference to us. Also, we associate the Lyceum hardly less with the late Mr. Wills' and his compeers than with Shakespeare. But when, under the dome of Heaven, "Adonai" is impersonated by someone unknown and unnamed, nobody is made uncomfortable. The only person to chafe at such a spectacle is Mr. Redford, who, in virtue of his office, were bound to be horrified by any manager who wished to produce it even *al fresco*, and with an anonymous cast, under those commercial conditions which would bring it within the Censor's jurisdiction. I, for my part, belong to that minority of persons who hope to see, under commercial conditions, in actual theatres (though always with anonymous casts), plays dealing with sacred themes. Not that I am one of those who are greatly indignant that such a sight is withheld at present. No responsive chord in me was struck, the other day, when Mr. Martin Harvey complained bitterly that he had been forbidden to produce a very beautiful play founded on Holy Writ. Having seen several other plays which Mr. Harvey had considered beautiful, and had been allowed to produce, I heaved my first sigh of relief at the existence of the Censor. I am in no hurry. I do not cry out for sacred plays in the theatre so long as the theatre is in its present state of abjection. But the theatre is slowly raising itself. I believe that this process will continue, and that, a few years before the time when I shall have fulfilled the allotted span of human life, dramatists in England will have risen to a level with those other artists, who, with impunity and without offence, take any subject-matter that arrides them. I believe that the theatre will have become, at its best, something more than a machine to retard the digestion of one's dinner. Perhaps I am too sanguine. It is a dramatic critic's duty to be so.

The spirit of the age is to discern conduct from faith, and probably the sacred plays of the future will not be primarily didactic. Implicit morals they will have, doubtless, like most other works of dramatic art; but their direct intention will be, I conceive, a merely aesthetic treatment of the infinite materials that exist in the Old and the New Testaments. "Every-man" is primarily didactic, and its lesson is so sound that after the lapse of four centuries it is still impressive. But for us, of course, its main appeal is to the mere sense of curiosity. We regard it mainly as an instance of the manner in which virtue was inculcated from the stage in the early sixteenth century. As such, this artless little play touches and fascinates us. "Adonai" and "Dethe" and an "Aungell" are the only supernatural figures in it; the rest are typical human beings, or types of this or that human quality. The idea of the play is derived from a Buddhist parable in that archaic romance of "Baarlam and Jehoshaphat", with which I am acci-

dentially familiar through Mr. Douglas Ainslie's recent book "John of Damascus". Mr. Ainslie, in that poem of delicate fancy and curious erudition, paraphrases the parable very charmingly; and his paraphrase, coinciding closely with "Every-man", shows how little our Catholic moralist diverged from the alien original. Every-man, beckoned by Dethe, entreats Felaship to support him on his way. Felaship deserts him. Kynrede, too, turns his back. Goodes mocks at him. The only one who will bear him company is Good-dedes, who (I quote Mr. Ainslie's version)

"disarms  
Our cruel enemies which wait  
To accuse us at the dreadful gate  
And claim the utmost of their due,  
Which he will pay for me, for you,  
Forgetting as true friend forgets  
That from his store he pays our debts."

From Mr. Ainslie's version I gather that the Buddhist parable ceases with the promise of Good-dedes to intercede for Every-man. In the Morality we are carried several steps further. We have the actual pilgrimage of Every-man, and his ascent to Heaven, "with other matters pertinent to this history". By Mr. Poel the very difficult task of stage-managing the play had been accomplished most skilfully. To avoid ridiculous effects in so naïve a concretion of abstract things is almost impossible; and I pay a high compliment to Mr. Poel's tact when I vow that at scarcely one point in the performance had I the slightest inclination to smile. One of the few faults to be found was that the costumes (imitated from Flemish tapestries of the play's own period) were too fire-new for the occasion. Flamboyant colouring was right, of course; but there should not have been that flamboyance of newness which diverts one's mind from the wearers to the costumiers. In ordinary theatres one is often offended by the aggressive newness of the mimes' clothes; but there, by reason of the artificial light, that fatal newness is considerably toned down. In an overt theatre, under the rays of the all-searching and all-revealing sun, the newness is dreadfully obvious. The stage-manager ought to implore all the mimes to wear their costumes, night and day, for at least a week before the first performance. Failure to reckon with the difference between natural and artificial light was also the reason why the face of Dethe looked not at all like a skull and very like the face of a half-bleached nigger. The black mark round each of his eyes and down his nose might have passed for hollows if there had been merely light from below. Circumambient light made smudges of them. By the way, why was Dethe allowed to assume a strong Scotch accent and to trot comically instead of walking? Is there any evidence to show that in these plays Dethe, like the Devil, was treated as a comic character? If so, I think the evidence might well have been disregarded. On the other hand, I think it was wrong of Mr. Poel to fly so violently in the face of archaeology as to cast a lady for the part of Every-man. However, the lady played in the right key of simplicity. Indeed, (such is the greater quickness and adaptability of the female sex) all the best performances in this unusual play were given by ladies. Knolege, above all, and the Messenger were admirably played.

MAX.

#### AT DOWNSIDE ABBEY.

HIGH amongst the Mendip Hills Downside Abbey stands, as far away from whirl of London as ever the churlish stupidity of two rival railway companies can make it, and probably on that very account all the more peaceful and beautiful. Though not a Romanist nor indeed technically speaking a religious man, a preliminary trip there some weeks ago, a trip referred to in these columns, convinced me that it would be well worth while running down there again last Saturday to hear sung the programme of music which was given in my article of the week before. So with a number of brother musicians and critics I took the 11.30 train from Padding-

ton, a train ingeniously timed to draw up in the Great Western station at Bath at the very moment when the other train is leaving the Midland station for Chilcompton. However, as usual, the South-Western train was late, and in spite of the railway companies having done their worst we arrived in time for the concert. This, in defiance of my previous announcement, was after all given in the church, Father Ford and his colleagues firmly believing music written for the Church to demand ecclesiastical surroundings to sound well. It was a good thing that this decision was taken; for though the music of Palestrina, his forebears, contemporaries and successors is always splendid, it never makes one-tenth of its proper effect when it is given in the concert-room. The experiment has been tried scores of times—by the Bach Choir, for instance—but it has never to my knowledge been successful. The music demands stone pillars and stained-glass windows as much as a Wagner opera needs all the devices of modern stage scenery and stage management. It would have been a pity had so excellent a programme been spoilt by being got through amidst surroundings reminiscent of comic operas and the customary concomitants of a school breaking up. The notion of giving such a concert on this occasion was an excellent one. Music in the Anglican Church is in a hopeless condition: there seems not the slightest reason to hope that, at least for many years, it will rise from the depths to which it has fallen. Music in the Roman Church is also in a very bad plight; but the Roman Church has at any rate a magnificent store to draw upon; and if only Downside continues with the work it has taken in hand, within a few years it is probable that one will dare to venture into, say, the average London (Roman) church on a Sunday morning without fear of having one's ears assaulted by the stuff which I have described in these columns from time to time during the past two years. In fact, Downside may become to present-day organists and choir-directors of the Roman Church what Bayreuth was for a few years to the opera conductors and managers of Germany. That is Downside's importance and significance; that is why I deal with it at such length. But if it is to have this far-reaching influence it is necessary that Catholics should hear the work it does, the music it sings and the manner of singing it; and since—as I have remarked—it is anything rather than an accessible spot, it was a capital idea to afford the people who came to see their sons gather up prizes an opportunity of listening to the great masters of Roman Church music.

So far as one could judge, these people appreciated the performance rightly: at least they did not get up and walk out as they certainly would have done had the concert consisted of the music which one too frequently hears in London churches. Most of the items had been given for the first time at Downside; few of them can be heard anywhere save at Downside. The first was a Lamentation of old Tallis. He is not a composer to be vastly admired; he has been for several years preposterously overrated; he has been called the superior of Byrde, to whom he stands much as Schumann or Mendelssohn stands to Beethoven; yet he is by no means a composer to be lightly dismissed. This setting of "How doth the city sit solitary" is charged with pathos; there are touches in it that are almost worthy of Palestrina; the whole thing is far superior to any of the music by which Tallis is known in the English Church. It was beautifully sung, of course without organ, by the Downside choir under the direction of Mr. R. R. Terry. A Benedictus from a four-part mass by the same composer did not strike me as nearly so fine, though it is workmanlike stuff. After this we had an Agnus Dei from a mass by Christopher Tye, a musician of whom I am ashamed to say I know next to nothing. This movement is not only expressive and for moments lovely, but has so definite a character that after hearing it one could almost swear to a fresh Tye piece at a first hearing. Unluckily it came just before the Sanctus and Agnus from Byrde's five-part mass which I discussed here two years ago, and this eclipsed nearly everything that had gone before and a good deal of what came after. The more one studies this mass the more glorious an art-achievement it is seen to be. There is nothing in the world more tender



than the Agnus: it seems paradoxical to say so, but as the parts enter and the pile is built up the tenderness of it becomes colossal; and then at the finish the whole thing melts away in a delicious stream of the most wonderful rapturous melodies, twining and intertwining, ever conceived. Byrde, save for the renderings of this mass at Downside and Brompton Oratory, is hardly known; but in the good time to come he will be placed with the immortals. I have no space to deal with all the numbers of this programme in detail, but three more at least must be mentioned. First the *Stabat Mater* of Palestrina for double choir, sung from a trustworthy edition made by Mr. Barclay Squire for the Worcester festival of 1899, did not quite come off. Then later a motet, "*Salvator mundi*", by Dr. Blow, came to me as a huge surprise. I know nothing else by Blow nearly so poignant or so masterly in construction as this: one might almost imagine that when he wrote it Purcell sat at his elbow and told him what to do. Finally, Purcell's "*Jehova quam multi*" was sung well and quite held its own with the polyphonic music we had just heard. Mr. H. J. Davis played the organ accompaniment to this, as well as to the other things with organ parts, very finely; but he was seriously handicapped by having to play on an instrument originally built for George IV. and not in any respect satisfactory.

Such a recital as this, so exquisitely rendered, could be heard nowhere else in England, nor, for that matter, in Europe. Palestrina is sung in places, and the musicians of the mighty Flemish school—to which I believe Palestrina properly belongs—are given a turn in a few Continental churches. But examples of the art of the great English school can be heard nowhere save at Downside; and, to repeat myself, if the Roman Church in this country means to climb up out of the musical mire into which it has fallen, it is to this school it must go. In the mere scoring of the old English masses and motets there is a task which will keep several industrious men busy for many years. Sooner or later the work will have to be done. I am curious to know whether the Roman Church will do anything to help it forward. It is all very well for Father Ford and the brethren of Downside to put their shoulders to the wheel; but it is scarcely fair that they should face all the hard toil and popularise our English music, and then perhaps some catchpenny priest or choir-master come along and by doing the thing in a big London church gain all the credit of having brought about a revival. Those who want to gain any credit must begin work now and take their share of the drudgery. Will any choir-master, however, be given an opportunity of doing so? I am wondering what Cardinal Vaughan intends to do about the music of the new Westminster Cathedral. Is he going to give Frenchified or Italianised services, or is the show to be entrusted to a pack of incompetent amateurs who will indulge in sentimental German masses: what is he going to do? Surely this English cathedral ought to be the place where one can depend upon hearing English church music; surely all Roman Catholics are not hopelessly denationalised in their musical tastes: there must be a few in high places who cannot stand the operatic fooleries which make ridiculous and irreverent half the services in London! In our church music, as in all our other music, are we never to shake off the accursed yoke of the foreigner? Money is being spent on Westminster Cathedral; everything, I am told, is to be of the very best. I hope that the music alone will not be banal.

On Monday night the opera comes to an inglorious conclusion. Melba has recovered, and when this lady comes in at the stage door all high and sincere art flies out by the nearest ventilator. At the moment of writing "*Don Giovanni*" is down for Friday night with Scheff in the part of Zerlina. But on Saturday "*La Bohème*" is to be given with Melba as Mimì—a part which she does not look and cannot sing particularly well. I shall be glad when Covent Garden is shut up, partly because I shall go off to enjoy a well-earned holiday, and partly because it annoys me to think of the antics that go on there night by night.

J. F. R.

## LIFE POLICIES AS INVESTMENTS.

WE were recently asked by a man aged forty which company was the best for an Endowment Assurance policy payable at the end of fifteen years or at death if previous or at the end of twenty years or at previous death. The reply may be useful to many people besides the questioner.

If a policy that does not participate in profits be required, the answer is fairly obvious. From a table of the premium rates of all companies it appears that the lowest rates for assuring £1,000 are as follows:—

| Company.             | 15 years. |    |    | 20 years. |    |    |
|----------------------|-----------|----|----|-----------|----|----|
|                      | £         | s. | d. | £         | s. | d. |
| Economic... ..       | 60        | 10 | 0  | 45        | 4  | 2  |
| Hand-in-Hand ... ..  | 59        | 0  | 10 | 44        | 4  | 2  |
| London Life ... ..   | 60        | 8  | 4  | 45        | 5  | 0  |
| Metropolitan ... ..  | 60        | 0  | 0  | 44        | 14 | 2  |
| New York Life ... .. | 60        | 1  | 8  | 44        | 8  | 4  |

For non-profit policies it appears that the Hand-in-Hand is the best. The rates of other offices are higher, sometimes much higher than those we have quoted. In a good company a participating policy is likely to be better for a policy-holder than a non-profit policy. Here questions of bonuses as well as of premiums come in and the solution of the problem is not so simple. In this case it is better to see the amount of assurance that can be obtained for a uniform premium of £100 per annum, since in this way the variation of premium rates is taken into account.

For fifteen years' endowment assurance the following companies are among the best:—

| Company.                 | Amount of policy after |           |           |
|--------------------------|------------------------|-----------|-----------|
|                          | 5 years.               | 10 years. | 15 years. |
| Alliance ... ..          | 1,551                  | 1,666     | 1,791     |
| Hand-in-Hand ... ..      | 1,536                  | 1,675     | 1,815     |
| Law Union ... ..         | 1,563                  | 1,701     | 1,849     |
| Scottish Amicable ... .. | 1,570                  | 1,708     | 1,857     |

These results are all based upon the latest bonus declared by the companies and in each case there are good prospects of the rate of bonus being maintained. Under 20 years endowment assurances the policies of the Scottish Amicable are likely to amount to £2,051 in 5 years; to £2,232 in 10 years; to £2,427 in 15 years; and to £2,640 in 20 years. And these results it would be difficult to beat.

Endowment assurances are so frequently regarded as a form of investment that it is instructive to see what return per cent. per annum at compound interest is yielded by them. In this connexion we must remember that amounts paid in premiums (not exceeding one-sixth of a man's income) can be deducted from the income upon which income-tax has to be paid. Consequently if a man pays £106 3s. 11d. in life assurance premiums he can claim rebate of income-tax to the extent of £6 3s. 11d. thus leaving his net investment £100 per annum. On this basis a net £100 a year invested in a 15 years' participating endowment assurance policy in the Scottish Amicable would amount to £1,667 in 5 years; to £1,814 in 10 years and to £1,972 in 15 years. On the same basis under a 20 years' endowment assurance the amounts would be £2,178 in 5 years; £2,370 in 10 years; £2,577 in 15 years and £2,804 in 20 years. If £100 per annum were invested in stocks or shares or house property the income derived each year would be liable to income-tax at 1s. 2d. in the £, thus reducing a nominal return of £3 per cent. to an actual return of £2 16s. 6d. per cent. The amount of £100 per annum at £2 16s. 6d. per cent. is £528 in 5 years; £1,137 in 10 years; £1,836 in 15 years and £2,640 in 20 years.

Thus a well-selected endowment assurance yields at maturity more than 3 per cent., in fact more than 3½ per cent. compound interest when due regard is paid to the question of income-tax, and if the policy becomes a claim by death the return is vastly more than any ordinary investment would yield.

If in the future the income-tax increases, the comparison will be still more favourable to life assurance. These facts may well lead investors to consider the advisability of taking life-policies as investments.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## BLOCK DWELLINGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Grove End Road, S. John's Wood, N.W.

25 July, 1901.

SIR,—When there is public announcement of an undertaking, projected—not in order to increase the rent roll of a large estate, but for the benefit of the poor of London—when the “public spirit” of a noble landowner impels him to demolish a number of little homes, none too perfect, maybe, still the accustomed habitations (spread over some *thirty acres*) of a population unique in their attachment to the place of their forefathers for at least three generations, and when the aforesaid “public spirit” inspires the noble landowner to purchase, elsewhere, a site of not quite *three acres*, on which to build “model dwellings” for the accommodation of the people so displaced—may we not pause to weigh the matter from the standpoint of the evicted, and consider the effect upon their lives of this beneficent revolution? The task resolves itself into an inquiry as to the efficacy of the modern panacea for overcrowding. Overcrowding is a most troublous problem to the municipal administrator, and his present solution is the provision of a congeries of apartments, massed in great blocks, covering all available land space, and tier on tier, piled upwards and ever upwards to the skies. This is a sort of homeopathic treatment—“like cures like”—save that the doses are copious. To prescribe for the slum disease, place a series of slums one above another to the required altitude, and there's your remedy.

If upon an area of *thirty acres*, a given population be restricted for room, limited in air space, shut off from sunlight, and divorced from the beauties and necessary benefits of nature, transplant the said population to model dwellings, covering a site of *three acres*, where every disadvantage is magnified tenfold, assume an air of virtue, and the pose of a philanthropist, and you may safely leave the inhabitants to the vengeance of the outraged laws of sanitation.

The area of the British Isles is, roughly, 122,000 square miles, and the population 30 millions: one-tenth of these people are insanely packed together in London.

What are the results of this unnatural disproportion? They are visible on every hand, day and night. The pallid woman, the enfeebled man, the puny, stunted child, the undeveloped, the ill-developed and the degenerate. Thousands crowded into the smallest space, breathing again and again the same impoverished air, surrounded with squalor and monotony; with none of the natural solaces provided by God for the relief and healing of the anxious and careworn mind; no delight of colour and form in flowers and trees; no soothing cheerfulness of wild bird's song; without an elevating or inspiring interest; with none of the beauties of art to awaken the faculties and widen the mental outlook; swamped by temptation—the public-house and the ubiquitous vulgar press—these thousands drag on hopelessly day by day.

Who can wonder at the widespread and growing indecency of behaviour and expression so prevalent on all sides? At the vast number of the young of both sexes, saturated with vice, who throng the streets and demonstrate by speech and action their sheer incapacity to understand any other than these as the accepted and normal conditions of life? Why marvel that, in spite of this teeming population, it has become so difficult to obtain serviceable and competent labour?

Yet such are the products of congestion in building, the greed, un wisdom and neglect which have characterised the construction of our great city; the want of foresight in the past, and the repetition, in condensed form, of the same errors at this day.

The efforts of religious bodies, charitable institutions and State schools are shown to be ineffectual as opposed to the overwhelming power of daily environment upon the lives of the masses, and to the discerning eye

it is clear that the chief causes of all these lamentable effects will be aggravated and accentuated the more the people are concentrated, “cribbed, cabined, and confined” in the gigantic hives and warrens—un-English in their want of privacy, fearful in risk of fire and epidemic, foul from overpopulation and foetid with disinfectants, but for all that cleverly christened “model dwellings”.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM ROSS.

P.S.—In his recent address to the British Congress, Dr. Koch made some remarks most apposite to this question. He declared that the overcrowded dwellings of the poor were to be regarded as the real breeding places of tuberculosis, that it was out of them that disease always cropped up anew, and it was to the abolition of these conditions that they must first and foremost direct their attention, if they wished to attack the evil at its root and to wage war against it with effective weapons.

[Our correspondent is equally eloquent on the evils of overcrowding and of block dwellings. It is easy to be eloquent on either. But what does he propose instead of block dwellings? Can he show that the building of “blocks” has not pro tanto relieved overcrowding? If not, his tirade does not seem very relevant.—Ed. S.R.]

## BLINKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Benwell House, Woodchester, Stroud, Glos.

18 July, 1901.

SIR,—It is just as well that the one good reason for the use of blinkers should be understood. Horses used in pairs must so long as bits with projecting cheeks (like the Liverpool bit) are used, have blinkers on the pole side or else by the tossing and turning of their heads they risk tearing out each other's inside or pole-side eye.

That this is so is confirmed in a remarkable manner by the fact that all the users of horses without blinkers quoted in Col. Harris' letter in your last week's issue, also use ordinary snaffle bits or bits having no projecting cheeks.

I am against unnecessary blinkers and propose that only the inside blinker should be used with pairs even with Liverpool bits. This would do much to prevent shying; as when harnessed in a pair it is easily understood that the outside eye of each horse has a larger field of vision than the inner. The near-side horse would be reassured by the quietness of the off-sider in the case of an obstacle or object on the off-side, and vice-versa.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. B. G.

## CHILDREN AND SPECIALISATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 22 July, 1901.

SIR,—If, as your correspondent, Conn. A. Ashe, suggests, we begin to train children quite early for definite lines of life we must in justice, or at least to avoid waste, provide them with the employment for which they have been fitted. I doubt also whether it is possible to find out a child's aptitudes before thirteen or fourteen, the age at which children leave elementary schools, and, if it were, whether it is desirable to introduce so soon to the business of life those who begin the struggle for existence at a pitifully early age already, and whose childhood is often burdened with care. In certain parts of Lancashire the tying of knots in cotton mills is the chief work of the district. Should this be taught at school? I think school life should be as far as possible a period of brightness as it is of decency, order and comfort for elementary school children.



Is your correspondent sure that early technical training will produce the desired effect? She cites the difficulties experienced in getting good servants and imagines that housewifery and cookery courses in primary schools will lessen the difficulty by turning out a body of capable people who can be treated as workers in shops and factories. But the mill-hand and the domestic servant are in very different positions. The former is part of a machine during working hours; her real life begins when she leaves the factory gates, while a servant's life and work are one; she is practically adopted into a family, but is almost necessarily without the affections and interests which lubricate the inevitable frictions of all intimate associations. The number of people who employ one servant is probably far greater than it was, and the "general" is in much closer touch with the life of the family she serves than are other servants; the friction in these cases is therefore probably greatest, and, in so far as education has developed character and susceptibility and a love of independence but without going far enough to develop a sympathetic temperament or to reveal to young people the nature of the "desolate freedom of the wild ass", to that extent has it made the task of all employers difficult. I have read that only a duke on whose estates service has become a family tradition can expect to be served really well.

The practical object of domestic training in schools is evidently to improve the home life of the scholars,—though I fear that frequently a poor girl's knowledge of cookery helps her to prepare but a Barmecide's feast. Yet this view seems to me to be the truer even for the poorest. We work to live, we do not live to work; and education should enrich our lives. Cookery and joinery are practical subjects of great interest and therefore of great educational value. They involve the handling of material, not of mere paper; they help to make school life more real and vivid and the teaching of them is not necessarily stopped by the present Bill. I know an elementary school in which cookery is to continue and in which joinery is to be begun for the first time in spite of Cockerton, and yet I should be sorry to think that all the boys were to become carpenters and all the girls cooks. Different school authorities evidently interpret their duties differently.

Your correspondent's views on the value of modern languages as a study are as "practical" as her views on cookery. She thinks that unless elementary school children can carry on a conversation with a foreigner they have wasted their time; in like manner unless a boy in a "classical fourth" could converse familiarly with the shade of Horace or Xenophon his labour has been fruitless, presumably; it is so easy to prove the uselessness of education from the utilitarian point of view.

The practical objection to early specialisation lies in the expense of it. A nation which allows its working-class children to be stunted and weakened in initiative in classes of sixty and eighty, taught frequently by poorly qualified teachers, is hardly likely to spend the money required to teach each child the trade it may have a more or less passing fancy for (a good proportion of the boys would at one time or other wish to become sailors if not pirates), and children's parents too frequently confess their inability to decide their offspring's career, or even to control them while still quite young. "They must please themselves" they so often say.

What we want, rather, is a system which will enable children to do intelligently and thoroughly whatever their hand find and to face their positions openly and fearlessly; and for this purpose general training—which, be it noted, is not synonymous with "a cramming in of so many subjects"—in small classes under stimulative and well-educated teachers is required.

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

## REVIEWS.

### THE MAKING OF MODERN SCOTLAND.

"An Outline of the Relations between England and Scotland (500-1707)." By R. S. Rait. London: Blackie. 1901. 7s. 6d. net.

"A Century of Scottish History." By Sir Henry Craik. 2 vols. London: Blackwood. 1901. 30s. net.

WE have here two books which, though of different scope and dealing with different periods, bear reference to the same historical problem. Sir Henry Craik begins where Mr. Rait leaves off, and discusses every factor of national development while Mr. Rait is content to trace the effects of English influence. The younger author has surveyed twelve centuries in less than half the space which the elder has devoted to one. But both are concerned with the evolution of modern Scotland: and both aim at deducing conclusions from facts already established, much more than at eliciting new information from the sources.

Mr. Rait, as usual, is clear and interesting. He has summarised with skill a mass of useful information, and quite sustains his previous reputation. We are especially grateful for his collection of mediæval allusions to the Highlander. But we do not agree with his inferences from these allusions. He discusses at some length the origin of the cleavage between the population of the Highlands and the Lowlands. With Mr. Lang he refuses to accept the solution proposed by Freeman and accepted by Hill Burton, that the difference is racial. In the Lowlander Mr. Rait discerns a Kelt, not uninfluenced by the infusion of Teutonic blood, but substantially of the same stock with the Highlander. The Lothians, he admits, are an exception to his theory; but he denies that the innovations of David I. led to a displacement of the Keltic population in the north and western Lowlands. This is a priori a probable conclusion; and Mr. Rait has put the probabilities with force and ingenuity, though his new evidence does not materially strengthen the case as already argued by Mr. Lang. Mr. Rait relies upon the statements of the chroniclers to prove the existence of a tradition that the Lowlanders were Keltic by descent. But his authorities, writing after the War of Independence, are naturally loth to acknowledge English influence where they can possibly ignore it. Moreover they are influenced by popular terminology much more than by the evidence of their own eyes. Since common speech distinguished the men of the Isles from those of the western mainland, the chroniclers treat the "Hebrideans" as a race apart; on the other hand they accept without discussion the common name of "Scot" as proving that the Highland cateran is the near relation of the Lowland farmer. Popular terminology had no reference to racial distinctions, but was based upon the facts of political history. Hence the chroniclers rely upon false premises. If these premises in one case led them to a right conclusion, we may admire their good fortune, but we cannot reasonably cite them in corroboration of our modern theories. So much for their positive statements; it is self-evident that no safe conclusion can be drawn from their omission to assail the Highlander with injurious epithets. Arguments from silence can never be admitted.

Sir Henry Craik is sometimes diffuse and sometimes, it may be from haste in composition or because he doubts his own lucidity, he falls into the sin of repetition. But he has two countervailing merits. Though rarely eloquent he never ceases to be readable; and he interests us not so much by the easy allurements of curious information as by pursuing a definite plan and maintaining a consistent attitude. His intention is to describe the evolution of modern Scotland, and he is scrupulously on his guard against all temptations to irrelevance. The details for which he finds a place, while they are both abundant and attractive, have always a direct connexion with the central thesis of his book. His judgments upon persons and ideals are neither colourless nor violently one-sided. He has a generous appreciation for gifts of intellect and character wherever he may find them. He does ample justice to motives and to arguments of which he deprecates the results and the corollaries. But he is essentially a Conservative in politics, in religion a

supporter of the Established Church of Scotland. He makes no secret of his sympathies; and no passing enthusiasm for other ideas or men of hostile schools can make him forget the side to which he is committed. This may not be ideal impartiality; but it makes him an interesting writer and increases the value of his book to those who study the past chiefly for the sake of its bearing on the present. His practical conclusions are none the less useful because they are negative in character. He has shown that a craving for political change and a leaning towards democracy in Church government are by no means universal or ineradicable tendencies of the Scottish mind. He has vindicated his own party from the charge of being deaf to the best traditions of the Scottish nation.

His second volume is better than his first. Of the nine chapters which he devotes to the causes, progress and collapse of the last Jacobite rebellion we need only say that they are too full for a commentary and too short to be accepted as an authoritative summary of the latest researches. The facts which they relate are well chosen and well grouped, but too often have the disadvantage of being common knowledge. There was no great necessity for another narrative of the events of 1745; and Sir Henry Craik cannot plead the justification of exceptional minuteness or marked originality. But the value of his book increases the further he recedes from this well-trodden field. His descriptions of Edinburgh before and during the period of the French Revolution are full of valuable suggestions; his judgments upon the leaders of national thought are admirably balanced; we should be at a loss to name a better account than he has given of the Scottish statesmen whose lives fall within the compass of this period.

In some chapters of this section of the book there are obvious defects. That on the Philosophers might have been improved by reference to the articles of Mr. Leslie Stephen and his collaborators in the Dictionary of National Biography; here at least we feel that Sir Henry Craik is not abreast with the results of modern criticism. But in common fairness we must add that the slips which we have detected do not affect his general conclusions, and are only likely to mislead those who use his pages for purposes of reference. From the middle section of the book a vivid and on the whole an accurate idea may be formed of upper and middle-class society in the Scotland which Scott knew and loved. In the last six or seven chapters we have an account of the causes by which the old order was transformed in the first half of the nineteenth century. These chapters are the most attractive in the book. They cover ground of which the ordinary reader has only the most general knowledge; and they deal with subjects on which Sir Henry Craik has every claim to speak with authority. There are three causes of change on which he dwells; the commercial development of Scotland, the spread of Whig principles and the religious revival which, commencing under Evangelical auspices, eventually found in Chalmers its most gifted representative and leader. It is to the last of the three that Sir Henry Craik attaches the most weight; and we think that he is right. The disruption of the Church of Scotland, which was the immediate result of the revival, did not merely add another name to the list of seceding denominations. It was a revolt against the Imperial legislature; and, although many patriotic Scotchmen held aloof or sided with the Government, the result of disruption was to raise new barriers between two nations which, for half a century, had steadily tended towards a complete fusion of their interests and sympathies. Nor was this all. Disruption introduced new divisions into Scotland; division among men of strong religious views, division also between the body of the nation and the advanced thinkers on whose influence all hope of intellectual development depended. The philosophers of the last generation had shown in their printed utterances a lofty indifference to popular susceptibilities; but they never lost touch with the nation from which they sprang. An intellectual schism had been averted by the existence of a Moderate party in the Church of Scotland; a party which commanded popular respect without forfeiting the friendship of such men as David Hume; which,

while protesting against the spirit of mere paradoxical negation, had shown a laudable readiness to accept and to disseminate whatever was of real value in the new philosophy. On the eve of the Disruption this party, though fallen from its first estate, was still capable of being revived and of leading popular opinion; under its auspices the Church of Scotland might have come to comprehend all the worthiest elements of national life. But the Disruption was the ruin of the Moderate party. They lost their audience and the most promising of their youthful leaders. In a sense they triumphed even in defeat. Without Chalmers their opponents could not have succeeded; and Chalmers was in all but temperament a Moderate. But Chalmers, having quarrelled with his early friends upon one issue, soon developed other hostile tendencies. Insensibly he slid towards the intellectual position of his allies the Evangelicals. His followers went further in the same direction; the blight of obscurantist principles fell upon the whole party. There is much to be said for those who brought about the Disruption. The system of patronage was theoretically indefensible, in practice not without its obvious evils; the English Government made no attempt at compromise until it was too late. We cannot praise too highly the frankness with which the Seceders stated their principles or the boldness with which they pursued them to the logical conclusion. The fact remains that they created evils worse than any which had provoked their indignation.

#### THE REALIST'S HOLIDAY.

"By the Ionian Sea. Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy." By George Gissing. London: Chapman and Hall. 1901. 16s.

AS a novelist Mr. George Gissing is distinguished by a middle-class observation of the middle classes: he writes of dull people, who live in respectably sordid houses, and pursue commonplace existences without regret. He writes joylessly of joyless lives, as if the chronicles of Clapham were all that interested him, and his interest in these was of a grey and sober kind. We open his new book, an account of a certainly rather dreary journey in Calabria, and we read: "Every man has his intellectual desire; mine is to escape life as I know it and dream myself into that old world which was the imaginative delight of my boyhood. The names of Greece and Italy draw me as no others; they make me young again, and restore the keen impressions of that time when every new page of Greek or Latin was a new perception of things beautiful. The world of the Greeks and Romans is my land of romance." The book ends with these words: "As I looked my last towards the Ionian Sea, I wished it were mine to wander endlessly amid the silence of the ancient world, to-day and all its sounds forgotten." So, one realises, Mr. Gissing is at heart what so many realists have been at heart: an impotent worshipper of beauty, which he can only adore in secret, never possess. "All through the warm and cloudless afternoon I sat looking at the mountains, trying not to see that cluster of factory chimneys which rolled black fumes above the many-coloured houses." There one sees the realist, "trying not to see" the sordid side of reality, on his holiday. He sees it, he cannot help seeing it; he sees it as the people about him see it, not giving it any fine, illuminating colour of his own, or finding any new kind of beauty in the shapes of the "black fumes above the many-coloured houses". He is on the track of Cassiodorus, of the Galaeus; he is on the watch for those "two elements of moving interest: a vivid fact from the ancient world, recorded in the music of the ancient tongue". He is escaping, for a moment, from that obsession of new, unhappy things which he finds himself condemned to record, with all the pungent detail of distaste. He will get away from himself, from "life as he knows it", he will restore its delights, be happy among memories of people who have lived in Greek and Latin books. "In Magna Græcia the waters of two fountains mingle and flow together; how exquisite will be the draught!" Well, the book shows us that there is no escape for the realist. Nearly a fifth part of it is filled with the



narrative of ten days of fever in a miserable inn at Cotrone. Those pages are as direct, as well observed, as any in Mr. Gissing's work, and the "visionary state which, whilst it lasted, gave me such placid happiness as I have never known when in my perfect mind", is vividly brought before one. Everywhere there is discomfort: rain, mud, wind, bad roads, bad vehicles, bad food. He is patient and tolerant, has few prejudices, and finds it easy to overcome those which he has. But what he sees, instinctively, before his mind has begun to work on what he sees, is the unpleasant side of things, "the face of the ground minutely cracked and wrinkled", the "yellowish-grey mud". And he describes what he sees in this manner: "It is easy to make a model of these Crotonian hills. Shape a solid mound of hard-pressed sand, and then, from the height of a foot or two, let water trickle down upon it; the perpendicular ridges and furrows thus formed upon the miniature hill represent exactly what I saw here on a larger scale." The precision here is scientific, not literary. But, all the same, it is good compared with Mr. Gissing's attempt to put into words what he tells us he really feels most. "Could one but see in vision the harbour, the streets, the vast encompassing wall! From the eminence where I stood, how many a friend and foe of Croton has looked down upon its shining ways, peopled with strength and beauty and wisdom!" That is neither one thing nor the other: it has neither the veracity of the descriptions of mud and furrows nor any really imaginative quality.

Mr. Gissing's style is without rhythm, without either the warmth or the beauty of life; it is common, tuneless, inexpressive. When he is touched by something beautiful in things or people, his words blunder about helplessly in the attempt to express what he feels. Thus he will speak of "rushing fountains where women drew fair water in jugs and jars of antique beauty". That the sight which he describes really affected him we do not doubt; but he describes it like an impressionable commercial traveller. At times the effect is comic, as when, speaking of some Italian music, he says: "It had the true characteristics of southern song: rising tremolos, and cadences that wept upon a wail of passion; high falsetto notes, and deep tum-tum of infinite melancholy." He describes an "odd little scene" at Squillace, the gambols of a cat and a pig; and seems to find it humorous to speak of the cat as "pussy" and of the pig as "porker". Speaking of the women of Cotrone washing linen in the sea, he says that he saw one of them "wading with legs of limitless nudity". He says "I descried the steamer", and his choice of the word "descried" is characteristic. He has no delicate sense of words any more than he has a delicate sense of rhythm. Something, he says, "put me into happiest mood". That is not good English, and it shows the same slovenliness of mind as the omission of the verb from sentences, such as "An odd little incident". For the most part he writes straightforwardly, with a sense of personal honesty which is pleasant. If sincerity to a quite intelligent view of things were all that one required from a writer of travel-sketches, then Mr. Gissing's book would have great merit. But sincerity of intention is only the beginning of literary fidelity, and Mr. Gissing seems to have felt only average feelings, thought average thoughts and seen with average eyes, while he has certainly recorded his impressions in average words.

#### PURITANISM AND LITERATURE.

"Puritan and Anglican." By Edward Dowden. London: Kegan Paul. 1900. 7s. 6d.

THESE "Studies in Literature", marked by Professor Dowden's usual felicity of exposition, are threaded together by the question of the influence of puritan belief on literary expression. "For the Puritan", he says, "the natural and the supernatural exist in an unmediated dualism, and it is a difficulty with him to clothe the naked idea—religious or ethical—in any sensuous medium or body. Hence Puritanism in itself is ill-fitted to produce a great art. Yet the inward life of the soul may be the more intense because

it does not readily distribute itself through appointed forms; and absorbing thoughts and passions cannot fall in some way to create an outward vehicle. . . . For the maintenance of high passion the habit of moral restraint is in the long run more favourable than the habit of moral relaxation". This theme is hardly illustrated, however, by placing Nonconformists such as Milton, Baxter and Bunyan in contrast with Anglo-Catholics like Herbert, Vaughan, Browne and the authors of "Hudibras" and of "Holy Dying". The Anglican writers show the more philosophic breadth of thought. But all are in a sense touched with the puritan ethos. The former half of the seventeenth century, whether men wore lace collars or starched bands, and whatever their opinion about copes and tapers, maypoles and minced pies, was characterised by a certain demureness. Compared with later sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine, the most scape-grace gallant of Rupert's cavaliers was prim and precise. In such homes as Colonel Hutchinson's, viol, virginals, the Italian sonnet, and fastidious "judgment in paintings, 'gravings, sculpture and all liberal arts'" co-existed with devotional strictness and domestic regularity. But gravity, culture and high-bred seriousness are found equally at Little Gidding; and if fine taste with severe manners make the higher puritanism the pattern puritan was King Charles himself. More aptly then might we compare literature before the Restoration and after, or Hebraism with Humanism; or, turning from temper to doctrine, the artistic result of Protestant conviction—there is little Protestant feeling, e.g. in Bach's music or Handel's—with that of Catholicism. In itself Puritanism is an attitude of mind, not a doctrinal system. Sometimes it has been Protestant, sometimes Catholic, and in its higher form usually the latter. Puritanism or Augustinianism is a feeling of the alienation of the world from God. And, in proportion as the Church teaches the sacramental reconciliation of the visible and the invisible through the Incarnation and the Cross, it becomes the more ascetic, other-worldly, separate when it sees that the mundane and sensuous refuse to be assailed and blessed. Hence the "Imitatio", hence Savonarola's bonfire of vanities, hence the nonjuror's "Serious Call", hence the attitude of the Tractarians towards theatre and ballroom. Calvinism on the other hand holds that the natural order cannot be reconciled to God, and Liberalism or Naturalism that it does not need any consecration. Our age is non-puritan because it has outgrown the sense of sin. Accordingly, lacking *σπουδαιότης* and austerity, and grown frivolous and vulgar, art and letters are seen to lose not only gravity and dignity but grace, tenderness and sweetness.

Dr. Dowden is not free from the poor propensity to exalt the literature of an illiberal old-world Puritanism just because it was in revolt against royal and ecclesiastical authority. But to estimate the literary fruit of ideal nonconformity, individualist, democratic, unceremonious, we ought to turn to the United States or Australia. From the Elizabethan and Caroline type must be abstracted the picturesque conditions of an age throbbing with colour, passion, discovery, intellectual stimulus and imaginative ardour; one in which emotion found a sensuous instrument of expression in a language just attaining its sinewy graceful prime, and inspiration in the new wine of scriptural psalm and prophecy, in mystical type, oriental imagery, and apocalyptic symbol. There is no detachment of the realm of spirit from the realm of sense, or emancipation from traditionalism, in Milton's epic and Bunyan's allegory. When the mythological materialism of "Paradise Lost" is pointed out, Professor Dowden replies that Milton took his images from the Bible, and in abjuring a false spirituality "transcended the Puritan modes of conception". This is tantamount to confessing that art is only possible as approximation is made to the Catholic spirit. It is when Milton's Arianism asserts itself that his great poem becomes bald and dull. Contrariwise the admixture of Greek allusion gives his poetry an unpuritanic charm like that of a Renaissance building. "Il Penseroso" again has a strain in it of ecclesiastical feeling difficult to reconcile with the Latin Secretary's morose diatribes against

surplice, collect and antiphon. Milton's intellectual arrogance, we may add, was far removed from any popular sympathies. He hated kings and priests, but despised the "blockish vulgar", among whom he doubtless placed the dreaming tinker of Elstow.

It is in Milton's prose works that we see the sectarian spirit at its most spiteful and narrow. His prose has a sweep and grandeur, a splendour and stateliness of phrase which is incomparable. No one ever threw mud more magnificently or in such organ-tones. "Coarse and intemperate", impassioned with the "brutality of insolence" as his invective has been described, it nevertheless is sonorous with the thunder of an ancient prophet of righteousness. Whether he be writing a treatise on divorce during his honeymoon, or advocating polygamy and a Turkish subjection of women, or denouncing the use of the Lord's Prayer as a "servile yoke of liturgy", or with brilliant fury proving Bishop Juxon to be more despicable than Caiaphas and his murdered sovereign than Nero, Milton is a supreme master of nervous and eloquent English. In Latin however the baseness and unreasonableness of the fanatic temper lose their adventitious disguise. Lofty sentiment is taken for what it is worth when the controversialist who counsels "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases", loses, as Professor Dowden admits, "all sense of dignity and decency", and fills page after page of "Colasterion", "Contra Salmasium" or "Contra Morum" with obscene personalities and ferocious scurrility. Yet Hooker had conducted a great controversy with majestic moderation. Taylor and Baxter wrote against opponents with Christian charity. Bunyan was a humble-minded genius. The higher puritanism of moral restraint then is to be looked for in all men of religious refinement, not necessarily in post-Reformation sacramentaries. By the bye, is it possible that Professor Dowden uses "sacramentarian" (p. 78) in the sense of sacramentalist?

#### "'MID THE STEEP SKY'S COMMOTION."

"By Land and Sky." By the Rev. J. M. Bacon. London: Isbister. 1900. 7s. 6d.

UNLESS it be mountaineering, we can imagine no open-air relaxation or adventurous pursuit that should lend itself so well to literary treatment as ballooning. Even the account given by the uneducated professional aeronaut of his journeys through the empyrean is sometimes unconsciously eloquent, for the least imaginative man cannot fail to be moved by the wonderfully beautiful scenes he sees in cloudland. Mountaineering has its literature, which would be a notable one even if the fascinating works of Tyndall and Whymper alone comprised it: ballooning, strangely enough, has no literature worthy the name, so far as this country is concerned, if we except Mr. Glaisher's book. Plenty of men have written on ballooning and their books are of interest, but that does not make a literature. The Rev. John Bacon in his "By Land and Sky" has not helped to supply the deficiency. It is impossible to say much for the style of this book or for the manner in which the material has been dealt with. There seems to be no arrangement worthy the name, the chapters being thrown together anyhow. The historical sketch of ballooning is meagre, if not altogether valueless: whilst, so great apparently is Mr. Bacon's contempt for the art of bookmaking, that he actually does not give us an index. Notwithstanding these faults—of which the last mentioned, considering the character of the book, is not the least—"By Land and Sky" will be read with interest by all who care for its subject, and read through. Mr. Bacon is an enthusiast, and in following him in his daring travels through the fairylands of space we cannot help being infected by his keenness and his refreshingly boyish delight over all the marvels he sees and hears there. Nor must our disapproval of Mr. Bacon from a literary standpoint blind us to the fact that much which he has to say about acoustics is very interesting indeed, and

may be of real value to science. The study of acoustics is one of great practical importance, and until our knowledge of the extent to which sound is affected by the media through which it is transmitted has been much increased, we may be unable to account satisfactorily for the startling failure of signals at sea. That failure, as Mr. Bacon reminds us, has probably had much to do with not a few shipwrecks; for instance the "Stella" two years ago was wrecked on the Casquet Rocks, although at the time the fog signals were sounding loudly. Can sound be arrested entirely, or deflected in its course, by any aerial substance? That is a question which has often been discussed by scientific men, and its importance in connexion with these failures of fog and danger signals is manifest. Mr. Bacon's experiments, though perhaps not varied and numerous enough to be quite convincing, certainly tend to show that sound cannot be rudely turned from its course. At any rate he was unable to get any echoes from the clouds, though, as was to be expected, by means of his detonators he got tremendous volumes of sound hurled back to him from the earth—rather more perhaps than he had bargained for.

Mr. Bacon, in his search after phenomena of sound, does not confine himself entirely to the skies. He has made experiments from the towers of quiet village churches and has studied the famous Woodstock echo. It is hard to resist a slight feeling of wicked glee over Mr. Bacon's discovery that half a dozen men of science and text-books, including Professor Ganot and Sir John Herschel, have one after another persisted in writing of the seventeen-syllabled echo by Rosamund's Well as though it still existed unimpaired as in the days when Plott wrote his "Natural History of Oxfordshire". Once an echo is by no means always an echo. Mr. Bacon does not mention the curious fact well demonstrated by a very accurate observer, a hundred years after Plott made his experiments and drew up his rule for distinct articulation, that a polysyllabic echo, good at retorting dactyls, may fail largely when plied with spondees. It can give back as good as it gets, if you say to it: "Tityre, tu patulæ recubans": but quite fails over "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens". We hope that Mr. Bacon in a future edition will bring together his scattered remarks on sound, summarise his experiments, and give his readers a good index.

#### REVOLVER SHOOTING.

"The Art of Revolver Shooting." By Walter Winans. London: Putnam's. 1901. 21s. net.

THIS is unquestionably one of those desirable books by the hand of an expert of wide reputation to which the beginner as well as the "man who fancies himself" may turn with no little advantage. In its pages the A B C as well as the X Y Z of pistol shooting is treated in a lucid manner, and no reader fond of firearms will regret giving attentive study to the 250 well-printed and capably illustrated quarto pages. Quite a cheap reprint of a few of the more important chapters would probably do much to popularise a branch of marksmanship which, like rifle shooting, has never been cared for in this country. Nobody of cosmopolitan experience can for a moment deny that as a nation we are quite out of the running in the expert use of these small arms.

Mr. Winans seems to be an advocate of the Smith and Wesson revolver, for he says that though he won his championships in the first years with a .45 double-action Colt, he has since then shot with nothing but the former pistol. Speaking of double-action pistols his caution concerning the use of them on horseback is very much to the point. Twenty years ago in the Western Territories, where the gun, as the frontiersman affectionately called his constant companion, plays an important rôle, in those days one never saw a double-action revolver in the hands of frontiersmen, in fact it was a common habit of cowboys to tie back the trigger and snap off by releasing the hammer with the thumb, and for work from horseback it had the advantage of being safer.

Mr. Winans' chapters on big game shooting with



the revolver recall pleasant memories of bygone days when the Plains of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Utah were the hunter's Eldorado. In the first-named territory we were once lucky enough to achieve the somewhat uncommon feat of killing a big-horn from horseback with a '45 Colt. It was a pistol of which, it is said, people in the regions where it was displayed still talk, for the most grotesquely unwieldy handle, three times the ordinary size, had been affixed to it. By hidden springs and hinges this handle could do all kinds of tricks, and in its capacious interior were receptacles for a varied assortment of appurtenances, tools and knickknacks. When finally at Salt Lake City a Mormon bishop's twenty-third son took a violent fancy to it and became the happy possessor of it, it passed into a hand better able to grasp the situation, for when that hand did wear a glove it was a No. 10. The only complaint the new owner had to make was that no poker or faro table in the Territory was big enough to accommodate that "gun".

The photographs that illustrate the chapter on park-deer shooting are very interesting, but from one remark of Mr. Winans we venture to differ. It is when he declares that it is more humane to kill deer in parks from horseback with the revolver than with a rifle on foot. Mr. Winans is probably the best revolver shot in Europe and in his hand his Smith and Wesson may be able to inflict speedy death, but very few mounted men can do such close shooting and it certainly requires immense practice. With the rifle, on the other hand, none but a very poor shot should wound a park deer. Shooting at close range with the rifle resting against a tree or other firm support, the deer should drop in its tracks. With Mr. Winans' strictures respecting the unnecessarily heavy pull prescribed by the Bisley regulations the writer is in full accord; in fact but for the circumstance that Mr. Winans is one of the vice-presidents of the National Rifle Association he would probably have passed more extensive criticisms on the N.R.A.; there is ample room for such. The appendix contains some useful remarks respecting the law in regard to revolvers in this country and in America. In many parts of the United States these regulations, it is needless to say, are practically a dead letter.

#### FICTION.

"Ensign Knightley." By A. E. W. Mason. London: Constable. 1901. 6s.

A remarkable collection of tales. Except perhaps for "Charley's Aunt" and "A Liberal Education", there is not one of them without a strikingly new and dramatic idea in it. Some of the incidents are positively haunting. The description of the "black furry rug" over the corpse that suddenly rises in the watcher's face and dissolves itself into myriads of flies is the sort of thing that clings to you. All the tales are not so horrible, though there is a strong suggestion of love of sheer ghastliness about most of them. Mr. Mason's longer work has very little trace of this, but it comes out in these stories. Some of them are exceedingly pathetic—"The Cruise of the 'Willing Mind'", for instance, and "In a Harbour". But the one that stays with you most persistently is the story of the man who loved the swamps. His love is half loathing: but the attraction of their luscious, oozing undergrowth and unclean whisperings and gurglings is too strong for him. He is drawn into them day after day till all the self-respect of the white man leaves him and he becomes half-native, half-animal, a creature of the swamp. The tragedy of his young English bride adds fresh horror to the thing. Mr. Grant Allen once treated an idea of the sort in his "John Creedy": but there it was the reversion of a savage to his old savagery, not the degradation of a clean-living Englishman. Mr. Mason's idea is a good deal more impressive. One thing strikes us as curious. The previous appearance of two of the tales is acknowledged in a note. Why is nothing said about "How Barrington returned to Johannesburg"? That has certainly appeared before, for we read it—and were struck with it—some little time ago.

"Running Amok." By George Manville Fenn. London: Chatto and Windus. 1901. 6s.

"Running Amok" is one of those stories which for want of a better word are generally called "breezy". Its pages are full of wicked Malay Sultans and daring British subalterns and jungles and tigers and crises and so forth. It is not really a story, but an episode, and is quite entertaining as episodes of adventure go. The most interesting thing about the book is, perhaps, that it illustrates the tendency of the professional novelist to expand his empire. Mr. Joseph Conrad and Sir Frank Swettenham and Mr. Clifford, who have all been there, have revealed the Malay Peninsula to the public, and now Mr. Fenn, who, we imagine, has not, can lend an air of variety to the commonplaces of his muse by choosing a Malay setting for his new story. We are disposed to welcome any novel of the sort which keeps clear of South Africa, for we sympathise with that examiner in Greats at Oxford who discovering a few years ago one candidate, in other respects witless, who refrained from calling Armenia "a buffer state between Rome and Parthia", joyfully awarded him a First. If we cannot quite put Mr. Fenn in the first class, we recognise his discrimination, and are glad to say further that, unlike most novelists, he seems to know what manner of men British officers are in real life.

"Fiander's Widow." By M. E. Francis. London: Longmans. 1901. 6s.

"Fiander's Widow" has all the humour of Mrs. Blundell's village sketches. She has written a great deal in the same vein without exhausting it. Fiander is a sturdy elderly farmer who marries a beautiful young girl and betakes himself to a better world while she is still in the early twenties. Her many suitors and the treatment of them make amusing reading. So does the view taken of consolation by one of her husband's old cronies. "Let's talk of him," she murmured softly . . . 'tell me about when you knew him first.' 'Lard!' said Sharpe with a sniff, 'I know'd him all his life, I may say; I were with him when he were confirmed—and I were at both his weddin's. Yours was the only one I wasn't at.' Rosalie straightened herself, feeling as if a douche of cold water had unexpectedly been applied to her. 'Ah,' went on Isaac . . . 'I know'd his fust and his second missus well—they was nice women, both on 'em. The fust was a bit near, but, as poor 'Lias used to say, 'twas a good fault. . . . The second Mrs. Fiander was a good creatur' too—very savin' . . . Rosalie fidgeted in her chair. These little anecdotes of Isaac seemed to her rather pointless under the present circumstances." It is decidedly a book to read.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A Diary of the Siege of the Legations in Peking." By Nigel Oliphant. London: Longmans. 1901. 5s. net.

It may be a little dense, but we cannot quite make out why Mr. Andrew Lang should have a place in this galley, unless it be that the author belongs to a family which played a prominent part in Scottish military history in the days of Robert Bruce—and even that does not help much. However there is no fault to find with his preface. A foreword explaining the position of Mr. Nigel Oliphant at the time of the outbreak was desirable, and Mr. Lang supplies it. Mr. Nigel Oliphant is a gallant young soldier not yet in his thirtieth year who, as no war seemed "on the cards", was willing in 1899 to accept from Sir Robert Hart a post in the Chinese Postal Service, in which he was engaged at the time the troubles began. Here we have a simple, modest account of what Mr. Oliphant saw of the siege of the Legations, which practically speaking was everything, brimming over with the spirit and love of the clash of arms—no matter how desperate the fray and how small the chance of escape—of a young English soldier of the finest type. Where the bullets are, there he is sure to be found: the only thing in the way of fight he dreads is that in which the tongue is the chief weapon: "About 6 A.M. I went out with a party to set fire to some houses in the Mongol Market . . . In the meantime von Strauch was having some houses knocked down to prevent the fire spreading to the Russians. He succeeded in knocking down a bit of the Russian Legation wall in doing this, and there was such a wordy argument over it that I left in dismay!" This is the kind of man who is wanted to keep the flag flying in the sternest siege, and at Peking his gaiety in the darkest hour, scarcely less than his gameness, saved the position. Here is the final paragraph in this most interesting journal—entirely

characteristic of the man and his splendid type: "I am leaving Peking in a few days, and am glad to see that I have got the golf course fairly started; and it is a very good one—for North China. I only hope it will prosper; if it does, I shall have the pleasing recollection of having introduced at least one branch of civilisation into Peking."

"Springtime in the Basque Mountains." By A. L. Liberty. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 12s.

The author who tells you in the preface to his book that what he has written was originally intended for private circulation only is perhaps not always quite so disingenuous as he seems: at any rate he has a very good idea of how to disarm criticism. Mr. Liberty belongs to this class. His "best excuse" for publishing the book lies in the fact that one of his party took photos of a number of places visited. They are reproduced in this volume on the shiny and distinctly odoriferous paper which we all by this time know far too well: and it is quite certain that they might with real advantage have been restricted to private circulation: the sea and landscapes in half-tone add absolutely nothing whatever to Mr. Liberty's text which is often interesting. Should the book reach a second edition Mr. Liberty should see to it that the side headings are left out one and all, as they are neither useful nor ornamental; and he should not fail to add an index. The Basque people are among the most ancient in Europe: in some of their customs and sports they are extremely conservative. A kind of hand fives such as is played at Eton is, Mr. Liberty says, the one essentially national game of the Basques. There is notably absent from this game, *jeu de paume*, the spirit of contest, but the dexterity and vigour of the young players are remarkable. M. Germond de la Vigne in a guide-book quoted by Mr. Liberty gives a capital picture of the young Basques at play. "The recreations and pleasures of the Basques are not less arduous than their everyday occupations, as they choose for games such only as develop strength and dexterity." *Jeu de paume* is "a trial and proof without equal of suppleness, agility and skill". Dancing too among this people is "an exercise not a whit less violent and vigorous, and is seized on as a still further means of disposing of their exuberance and superfluous strength".

"A History of English Literature." By A. Hamilton Thompson. London: John Murray. 1901. 7s. 6d.

This is a new edition of "The Student's English Literature" the attempt of the editor being "to bring the work as far as possible into line with contemporary and authoritative criticism, to harmonise previous editions, especially with regard to the first part of the book, and to provide a manual which, while supplying the ordinary student with necessary facts, may also be of use to the more advanced student and to lovers of English literature generally". It is a new edition almost entirely rewritten. As a book of reference—nobody, we suppose, would think of sitting down and reading a work of this character right through—it seems quite excellent. No doubt there are details to find fault with: to give one instance, a work on English literature really should not contain such a banal phrase as "his debut as an author", which is about as bad, say, as "this gifted authoress": but the criticisms on the whole are sane and the pages devoted to Tennyson, Browning and Matthew Arnold are so interesting that we could wish they were more numerous. Mr. Thompson rightly describes "Tithonus" as consummate; it is strange that Matthew Arnold of all men should have failed to do that poem justice. Mr. Thompson considers that the answer to the "New Timon" of Lytton was written in "a somewhat caustic strain". Can he have read it? Why, Pope never hit harder.

"Cassell's History of the Boer War, 1899-1901." By Richard Danes. London: Cassell. 1901. 7s. 6d.

As a popular illustrated account of the war this will no doubt serve well enough, and, though there is a good deal of the "Rule Britannia" and "Brother Britons from London to Dunedin from Toronto to Singapore" sort of thing, the froth for a work of this character is not particularly excessive or objectionable. We shall confess that we have not read quite the whole of its 1,554 pages, but many will do so no doubt and rise from the reading in a mood not at all uncharitable towards the author. But why has he not furnished his work with a much fuller index? We may point out that the writer is not justified in putting the blame—though he does it genially enough—for the Belmont blunder on Lieutenant-Colonel Crabbe. But perhaps it does not greatly signify: at any rate the military historian will scarcely need to go to works of this kind for his material.

"The Fallen Stuarts." By F. W. Head. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1901.

This is the essay which won the Prince Consort Prize and the Seeley Medal at Cambridge in 1900, and it now appears in the Cambridge Historical Essays series. The author's plan in writing the essay was to obtain as far as possible first-hand information for the occasions when the Stuarts were prominent in the diplomacy and wars of their times; and his principal authority, he tells us, was the Gualterio MSS. at the British Museum. The work is very interesting, and those portions of it that describe the influence which the fallen house had on the internal progress of England, as well as on foreign policy,

long after all chance of a Stuart Restoration had disappeared, are very noticeable. It is clear and well arranged.

"The Visits of Henry VIII." By the Author of "An Englishman's Love Letters." London: The Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.

Most abnormally successful books are or become a nuisance in themselves, but they are the occasion of an even greater plague than themselves in the hosts of imitations they provoke. This skit on a really clever book is not absolutely without smartness, but its brevity and lightness of bulk is its only real merit.

"Oliver Cromwell." By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. London: Longmans. 1901. 5s. net.

An excellent reprint of Mr. Gardiner's contribution to the Illustrated Series of Historical Volumes. The text has been revised by the author. It professes to give "within a short compass a history of Oliver Cromwell from a biographical point of view".

"His Majesty King Edward VII." By H. Whates. London: Drane. 1901. 1s.

Mr. Whates has had the pluck to write an account of the King in which there is no fulsome adulation or snobbery. Among those who have done the contrary he will be a man to admire, in the classical sense of the word—a man to wonder at.

The eighth issue of Mr. T. A. Coghlan's admirable "Statistical Account of the Seven Colonies of Australasia" is the first to appear since the inauguration of the Commonwealth. The importance of the work becomes greater with the advance of the Australasian colonies, and Mr. Coghlan has found it necessary in some particulars to enlarge its scope. It is invaluable to all interested in Australia and New Zealand.

"Royalties of the World" (Newnes, 10s. 6d. net) is a collection of coloured portraits of the reigning families of the civilised world with brief, and not wholly uncoloured, accompanying monographs, by Rudolf de Cordova.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*L'Affaire du Collier.* By Frantz Funck-Brentano. Paris: Hachette. 1901. 3f. 50c.

The "Affair of the Diamond Necklace", illumined by the original documents M. Funck-Brentano has unearthed in the French National Archives, becomes once again a human affair, vividly real and full of fascination. And this is the more noteworthy because, as modern English playgoers can testify, the same "affair", illumined by the footlights of the stage, awakens only an archaeological interest. The scheming, credulous Cardinal Rohan, Cagliostro the master charlatan, the innocent false Baroness d'Oliva, the fussy hysterical Court jeweller Böhmer, Marie Antoinette herself, and even the wicked Jeanne de Valois de Saint-Remi, Comtesse de la Motte—"the Arachne of Arachnes who sits in the centre of the stupendous spider-web"—what are they all to us when interpreted by correctly costumed actors and actresses of modern flesh and blood, but types of an extinct race that, so historical reports assure us, inhabited France at the end of the eighteenth century before the occurrence of that "deluge which has left a strait behind it dividing the historical worlds"? But in M. Funck-Brentano's volume, thanks to the virtue preserved in these old documents, we are put into communication with the authentic ghosts of all these personages, costumeless and bodiless, but none the less full of spirit, temper, passion, and ambition: and moreover, as slaves of the talisman we hold, compelled, whilst we listen, to tell their secrets and, whilst we watch, to perform their old impostures. And in conversation with these ghosts after this familiar fashion we soon arrive at the end Emerson says Belzoni had when digging and measuring the mummy pits and pyramids of Thebes: our thought passes through these ghosts, and they live again to the mind.

These ghosts are thoroughly interesting acquaintances. Take the marvellous wizard Cagliostro. He appears about forty, but passes himself off as 2,000 years old—the reason is that he possesses the secret of distilling the waters of eternal youth. An old coquette having heard this, torments him with supplications for just one draught of this precious fluid, and, at length, he sends her by his servant (a mere youth of 1,500 years) a flask labelled, "Eau pour rajeunir de 25 ans". Unfortunately, the lady herself is out, and the flask is received by her maid Sophie—aged thirty—who, excited by the label, drinks off the contents of the flask. Instantly her limbs shrink and she becomes a child of five years old, entangled in a woman's dress. Her mistress returns, hears the story—then hurries off to assail Cagliostro with wild entreaties that he will refill the flask. Cagliostro "a beaucoup ri, mais n'a pas voulu donner une seconde potion".

Then, the consultation between Cagliostro and "Sa belle Eminence, Prince Louis de Rohan", upon the method of conquering the good graces of the Queen, had their commencement in certain incantations that required the assistance of a young and pure maiden, blue-eyed also, with delicate nerves and born under the constellation of Capricorn. The Comte de la Motte supplies a young niece of

*Continued on page 118.*



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| Annual Income  | .. | <b>£355,057</b>   | Claims Paid      | .. | <b>£10,545,235</b> |

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fifteen years of age, Marie-Jeanne de la Tour, who has all these qualifications. The illustrious magician begins by questioning Mdlle. Marie-Jeanne, saying, "Est-il vrai que vous soyez innocente?" "Oui, monsieur," came the reply. "Very well," answers Cagliostro, "recommend yourself to God; pass behind this screen—if you are really innocent you will see everything you desire, but if you are not innocent you will see nothing." At first Marie-Jeanne sees nothing; but when Cagliostro complains that "consequently she cannot be innocent," she begins to see everything not only that she desires, but that Cagliostro desires also. But the ghosts who most win us over to feel a human interest in the affair are the two heroines: the chief culprit, Jeanne de Valois, once the little beggar-girl waiting by the road-side near the village of Passy for passing carriages with her hand outstretched, plaintively crying, "Faites l'aumône pour Dieu à une pauvre orpheline du sang des Valois"; and Marie Antoinette, the beautiful but unpopular Queen of France, once the charming, light-hearted Dauphiness of fifteen who brought her gaiety and innocence to scandalise the etiquette and alarm the debauchees of the Court of Louis XV.

In the same epoch when the young Dauphiness radiant with youth and happiness enters France, Jeanne finds a protectress, the Marquise de Boulainvilliers, who thinks she is performing a charitable action in apprenticing the little beggar-girl to a modiste. But Jeanne is not satisfied. Madame de Boulainvilliers obtains a royal pension for her, in consideration of her birth, worth £32 a year; and she is placed with her sister in a convent at Longchamp where only "filles de qualité" are received. At twenty-one years of age, invited to become a nun, she escapes from the convent and begins her life of adventure. "Elle était la proie," says M. Funck-Brentano, "d'un orgueil sans mesure. C'était en elle, disait-elle, le sang des Valois. Quelle que soit la situation de fortune où par moments elle parviendra, il lui semblera qu'elle est toujours la pauvre délaissée, en haillons, les yeux allumés de haine et d'envie, qui répète sur les bords de chemin: 'Prenez pitié d'une petite mendiante du sang des Valois.'" And Marie Antoinette? "Marie-Antoinette crut qu'étant Reine elle pouvait être femme. Erreur que la cour où elle vivait ne lui pardonna pas, que ne lui pardonna pas la Révolution. Elle aurait dû comprendre que son cœur n'avait pas le droit d'aimer et que sa bouche n'avait pas le droit de rire. Elle ne le comprit pas: et fut guillotinée."

*Vie en Détresse.* By Mathilde Srao. Translated from the Italian by G. Hérèlle. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1901. 3f. 50c.

As a writer of short stories Madame Mathilde Srao has no equal in Italy, no formidable rival in France. Perhaps in an early volume—"Sentinelle, Prenez Garde à Vous!"—the hypercritical discovered a vein of sentimentality, here and there an exuberant passage or two; but no such flaws marred "Ou Giovanni ou la Mort", its successor. Henceforward Madame Srao may be expected only to occupy herself with obscure characters, and with Sœur Jeanne de la Croix she has made an admirable beginning. Nothing could be more pathetic than the portrait of the little old nun who, with the Mother Superior and thirteen pious sisters, suddenly receives notice that the Government has ordered the dissolution of her Order, thus depriving fifteen aged women of their solitary shelter. Forty years have elapsed since they took their vows, and now, with a ridiculously insufficient pension, they are turned out into the streets of Naples, dim-eyed, feeble, ignorant of worldly matters and, in many cases, without friends or relations. After a while Sœur Jeanne is told brutally by her sister (who allowed her a room in her house) that she cannot afford to keep her any longer; and so Sœur Jeanne earns a few lire sometimes as a femme de ménage, occasionally by nursing. And her life is always painful, always bitter; she, after forty years of innocent and pious isolation, has now to mix and compete with coarse people—hear their oaths, see their depravity, bear with their persecution. As time goes on she becomes feebler and feebler, poorer and poorer. One night we meet her in a common lodging-house where she is subjected to the insolent inspection of the visiting official; and, in the last scene, the saddest and most powerful of all, we see her assisting at a banquet given by the aristocrats of Naples to the paupers. The description of the spectacle is, to say the least, wonderful. Among hundreds of ragged, diseased, famished creatures sits the little old nun of years ago, herself a pauper. We defy anyone to read the concluding pages without emotion—especially when a fashionable woman, approaching Sœur Jeanne, bids the waiter serve her. "La vieille releva son visage tailladé par les rides et ravagé par les déformations de l'âge; elle fixa sur la dame des yeux châtains un peu larmoyants, aux cils brûlés, mais qui conservaient encore une douceur triste; et elle ne répondit pas. Au même instant un domestique posait devant la vieille une assiette où il y avait un rougeâtre morceau de ragoût flanqué de quatre ou cinq pommes de terre, rougeâtres aussi. Mais la vieille ne regardait pas la pitance; elle tenait immobiles près de l'assiette ses deux mains desséchées, jaunies, aux veines saillantes; et ses pommettes s'étaient couvertes d'une brûlante rougeur." The

fashionable woman, interested, puts questions; and, on hearing part of the pauper's history, finally inquires, "Vous avez peut-être oublié votre nom de religieuse, depuis si longtemps?" The old woman reflects for a moment, then replies, "Non, je m'appelais . . . je m'appelais Sœur de la Croix." And "en même temps que ce nom sortait de ses lèvres deux grosses larmes coulaient de ses paupières, descendaient le long de ses joues et tombaient dans son assiette. Au lieu de manger elle restait la tête penchée sur la poitrine et versait les pleurs les plus amers qu'elle eût versés de sa vie . . ." Much do we regret that we have not left ourselves space enough to pay a tribute to the genius of the second study, "La Danseuse", also a veritable masterpiece. We would pause again to congratulate at no small length M. Hérèlle on the excellence of his translation; but, in the circumstances, we must forego those pleasures and content ourselves with unhesitatingly pronouncing Madame Mathilde Srao's present studies to be as fine in their own way as anything Guy de Maupassant has written.

*Le Sang de la Sirène.* By Anatole le Braz. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1901. 3f. 50c.

Like Pierre Loti, M. Anatole le Braz loves the life of Brittany; but there all resemblance ends, not that M. le Braz is an imitator, or one of those depressing people who, in taking up a fine theme, spoils it. Loti is languid, M. le Braz is vigorous; we feel sure he delights in a storm at sea and wears oil-skins. His last scene (in "Le Gardien du Feu") was laid in a light-house; now he tosses about in fishing smacks, shares the fortunes of fishing folk—of fish there are baskets full. And the wind blows; the waves leap; there is salt, there is spray in the atmosphere. His girls are strong and strapping, his men might have had Hercules as an ancestor; one girl, Marie-Ange, wins smiles from the sourest old fishermen. Everyone loves Marie-Ange who, by the way, fascinates also the author; then a superannuated salt comes forward with reminiscences. The book, in fact, takes one into Brittany, but some may complain that it keeps them there too long.

For This Week's Books see page 120.

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## CONSOLIDATED MINES SELECTION.

THE fifth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Consolidated Mines Selection Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Francis Muir (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Charles W. Moore) having read the notice convening the meeting and also the auditors' report,

The Chairman said that the company had passed through a quiet and very uninteresting and very prolific year. With the large interest which it had in South Africa it was only natural that the company had suffered, as many other companies had, from the prolongation of the war. In that field of its operations the company had had but little opportunity of doing anything, and the depression which had existed in that department had considerably affected other mining markets. Last year the company showed an available balance of £74,701, whereas on the present occasion it showed one of only £14,974, which meant that, whereas last year the directors were able to pay a dividend of 20 per cent., they now proposed that the sum in hand should be carried forward to the next account. The directors might have increased the available balance if they had chosen to realise certain of their securities which showed a fair profit, but as they always held the opinion that in the future those securities would reach a value far beyond what they stood at present they decided that it was advisable not to sell those securities, but to hold them until they reached a figure nearer to what they regarded as their actual worth. The sum which the company had available was sufficient to pay 2½ per cent., but they did not think that that was worth recommending to the shareholders, and no doubt they would be quite willing that the question of dividend should be passed for the moment. With regard to the position of their balance-sheet, the reserve fund was intact at £35,000, and no call was likely to be made upon it. In addition to that, their securities, having been very carefully and conservatively valued, show a considerable amount of appreciation upon the values at which they stand in the books. So that altogether, looking at the circumstances and looking at the accounts very carefully, while it was somewhat disappointing not to be able to pay a dividend, yet they felt there was nothing in the situation at which they need be discouraged or of which they need be in any way ashamed. Circumstances had been too strong for them, they had spent a year marking time, but there was no reason why in the present position of the company, with a change in the times, they should not be able to do as well as they had done before. They had had some disappointments in regard to Klondyke, but with reorganisation he hoped the results there would be more satisfactory than at one time seemed probable. They had an agent in Johannesburg, who had not yet been able to do anything beyond keeping them posted as to the course of events, but when peace came they would be in an excellent position to avail themselves of any opportunities which might present themselves. He moved: "That the directors' report for the year ending 30th June, 1901, together with the accounts annexed thereto, be and the same are hereby approved and adopted."

Mr. A. Parker seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously and without discussion.

Mr. Penton, in moving a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors for their services during the past year, said that there was no doubt with the advent of better times they might look forward to a return of prosperity.

The motion having been seconded and carried,

The Chairman, in reply, said the care and attention which the directors devoted to the affairs of the company had not diminished in the least. If favoured with good opportunities, the results in the future would not be in any sense unsatisfactory.

The proceedings then terminated.

## THRELFALL'S BREWERY, LIMITED.

THE 14th annual general meeting of the proprietors of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, was held on Thursday at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Thomas Threlfall (the Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Alexander Elgin, C.A.) read the notice calling the meeting.

The Chairman: The auditors' report is as follows:—"In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements, as auditors, have been complied with. We report to the shareholders that we have audited the above balance-sheet dated 30th June, 1901, with the books and vouchers, and, in our opinion, it is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the company's affairs as shown by the books of the company.—BROADS, PATERSON AND CO." That is a certificate which, I may perhaps be pardoned for saying, the auditors could have no difficulty in signing for all our balance-sheets since the company was floated. Gentlemen,—Our report has, as heretofore, been taken as read; but there is a paragraph in it towards the end which I desire to bring to your notice. First of all—for it is uppermost in my mind—and before I proceed to touch upon the business of the year, I would fain pay a tribute to the memory of the managing director whose loss we deplore. Mr. Thomas Barker is one of my oldest recollections. He was, I think, still in his teens when he entered my late father's brewery in Liverpool, and he rapidly inspired such confidence and proved himself so capable that, almost from the commencement my father would leave to him from time to time matters of importance rarely entrusted to one so young. Although since the formation of this company Mr. Thomas Barker, by his own desire, took a less active part in the management than his brother, Mr. George Barker, his great knowledge and life-long experience of the business, his remarkable memory and sound judgment, his enterprise and, not less, his discretion made him a most valuable and valued adviser, while the kindly simplicity and gentleness of his nature endeared him to those who could claim him as friend. I am sure the shareholders will sympathise with the directors, and especially with Mr. George Barker, in this first blank that has been made on the Board. At the annual general meeting of the company last July, when I had the misfortune, through illness, to be obliged to give up the pleasure of seeing you here, our able and experienced deputy-Chairman, Mr. W. A. Matheson, had the satisfaction of telling you that the business for that year had been a record one. Well, we cannot expect to establish records every year, but the difference in profit is easily explained, and the chief causes of it are the war taxation on beer and spirits and the increase of income-tax, and in the price of coal and other materials. It is a matter of congratulation that, in spite of these exceptional circumstances, we are in a position to present to you what cannot be regarded as otherwise than a satisfactory report. We are able, out of profits, to write off

£30,193 for depreciation, to put the substantial sum of £15,000 to reserve, bringing that fund up to a round half-million, or, in other figures, £50,000 more than the amount of our ordinary share capital; to carry forward £14,157, and to again recommend a dividend of 20 per cent. on the ordinary shares. It would be a mistake, I think, gentlemen, for me to detain you by an attempt to compete with the eloquence of that speaking dividend, and I have now, therefore, to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends for the year ending 30 June, 1901, be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference shares and at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares."

Mr. Thomas Fickus seconded the resolution, which was then put and carried unanimously.

Mr. Buszard, K.C.: I have great pleasure in moving "that a hearty vote of thanks be given to the Chairman, the Board of Directors, and the employees of the company for their exertions during the past year and their management of the company." I think it must be satisfactory to all of us to find that the dividend is maintained at the same rate as last year—the splendid distribution of 20 per cent. In the year before there were many exceptional circumstances which gave an impetus to trade. We rejoiced at the relief of Mafeking and the entry of the troops into Pretoria. All these were, no doubt, duly celebrated at the various establishments connected with the company, and we may hope in the current year there may be equal cause for rejoicing. The war will in time come to an end, and we may hope that the rejoicing and congratulation that will then ensue will bring additional prosperity to the company.

Mr. W. D. Nesbitt seconded the resolution, which was carried by acclamation.

The Chairman: Gentlemen, we are very much obliged to you. I can only repeat the remark in thanking you, which I have had the pleasure of making now for many years in succession, that there is no company, I believe, in the kingdom that is better served in its management than this company, which has again had the pleasure of declaring a very handsome dividend. I need hardly tell you that we have been always careful and cautious with regard to the question of dividend. We began, as you know, with 8 per cent., which has risen gradually to the magnificent figure at which it now stands. We have never increased it until we judged that, humanly speaking, we should be able to maintain it.

The meeting then separated.

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